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For Jesus' Sake"

By

Shakespeare's Spirit

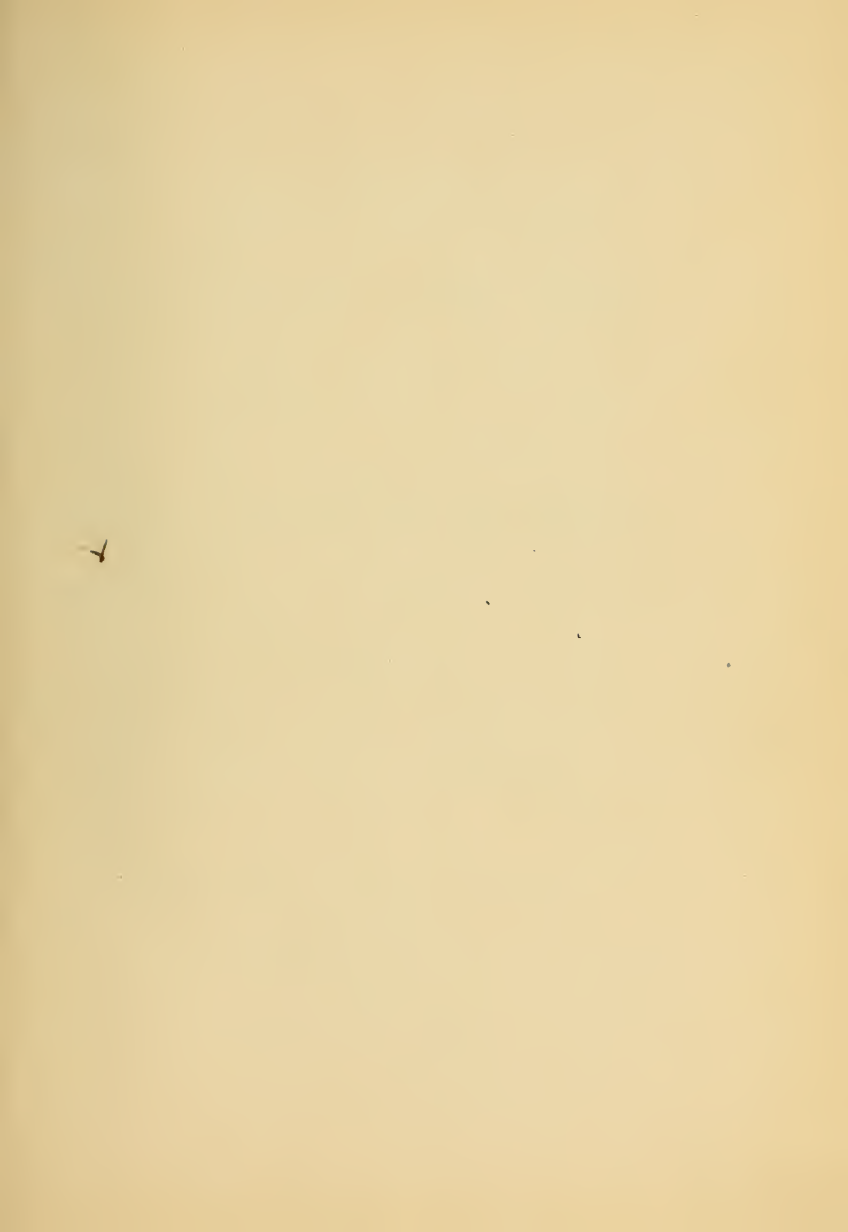


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THIS BOOK FOR HIM
I NAME
FOR JESUS' SAKE

BY

SHAKESPEARE'S SPIRIT

[Shatford, Sarah Taylor]

BF1311

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SHAKESPEARE'S CONFESSION OF FAITH

Dictated by His Soul to His Medium, to Be Included in His Work, Named by His Soul, "FOR JESUS' SAKE."

Sunday, Sept. 12th, 1920.

New York.

I would include a profession of my religion in the book I name for Him. So write.

My faith, being doubted, as an Englishman, I would lay this topic low. So now.

I am Catholic, have been since my birth. Raised by a devout woman of this faith, whose principles, had I but followed with profit to my soul, I should be making sonnets for my Maker's lute instead of mine own.

I am English still, ay, man, if you choose, for we lose nothing here that we were, be sure. Yet, to tell more of my faith.

In those fargone days of clay and blood my soul was bickering ever for the truth in me, fought me continually, to be hushed to silence, for the times were unpropitious for one of Her sons to outspcak against Her aims. My time shortened abruptly. As my family knew we spoke of God in Catholic terms ever, revered Him in His way, yet followed in blindness a separate altar set up within our home that the world might not acclaim us traitorous to England, Dear Motherland.

I now regret my subversion to intricacies unprofitable. Nevermore would I sacrifice on Her altar, even Hers, my very soul, the God part here this day, alas but here.

To one of God's who writes this down for me, who cannot reach the world from my stage today except it be through her, do I offer here more than a tribute of gratitude, a soul's praises.

No harp could play a spirit's tune were it not strung for the purpose through spirit's application. Ay, my fingers,

mind as well, made this one perfect concert pitch before we e'er began my work for me. To hold a wire and pipe a lay were easy for one of earth's composers. But ye'll know the truth some day from spirit where I do now play hereon, of spirit's compositions.

To declare my faith, my soul, to be His, founded on the rock of God through Jesus His only Son, given to Peter by Him to represent Him, whose sins of mortals should be forgiven forever, else retained, through confession, repentance absolute, contrition yea the very act, I do here subscribe my soul His through His mercy this day, having followed as He bade me, recovered the lost, wiped out the error of my past through His Name for Jesus' sake. For His Holy cause.

Sign my full name.

William Shakespeare, Poet, Gentleman.
Residence, Stratford on Avon, England.
Whose spirit am I. The same, except
for my soul's tears.



(Through Sarah)

TO SINNERS

Have worlds so changed since Jesus taught,
None care if God sent Him or not?
Or, if He came to save, or died
Spiked, thorn-crowned, pierced, ay, crucified,
And mocked, reviled, paid He the cost
For souls He bought, lest they be lost?

Have sinners changed since Jesus bled,
And rose in spirit with His dead
And undefiled, perfect clay
Was lifted in His Father's way,
As He saw fit to raise His Son
Who bore that cross: "His Will Be Done,"

That we who speak past mortal clay
For sinners foul who fail to pay
While that may pay to Him a part,
A tithe, an atom, to His Heart
Whose every pulse-beat, in each frame,
Should vibrate with His sacred Name!

Here cursed mortals cling to lust,
And "die," as everybody must.
Then do we know who came to plea
The cause of Him Who can make free,
As here we write, unseen, but heard
By her who speaks my spirit-word

To warn all living who doth care
Where Jesus went, if ye fare there?
Or, if ye wander homeless here
Where spirits live past grave or bier!
Say not 'tis evil, but His plan,
That thus my spirit speaks to man.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

PAUSE

By Shakespeare's Spirit

(Through the medium of his pen, the same who took to dictation the spirit's MMS. "Shakespeare's Revelation," by Shakespeare's Spirit.)



TO CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS—

All the Clergy, Including Rabbis

To those who fear communion with the so-called "dead,"
Lest their discovery vie against their creed,
I say, who speak past mortal claim of "dying,"
If ye believed in faith your several teachers,
Applied their balance to adjust YOUR need,
Revering none who spoke not with their numbers,
Acclaimed naught but the one unshaved beard,
And lived as taught by Him, or taught of ANY,
Adjusting here a self-God found within,
Still might ye weigh in One eternal balance,
If humbly here ye served, nor *supped with sin.

To all who know themselves past ANY reasoning,
A SOUL'S PART, then, would not be true.
But when a spirit points, beware derision,
Lest, UNWARNED BY a soul, your part ye'll rue.
I peep beneath the cassocks in the pulpit,—
I listen to confessions to the priest,—
I see the snarls, hard-tied, to make a sovereign:
The money-changer's evil's not the least!
I read the thoughts of mortals, played as music
On keys of ivory: jangling, most of these,—
I know how teachers teach for fear THEY perish,
Who give to flocks the literature THEY please.
Could habits COVER SOULS, where we inherit
The soul each sinner finds himself to be,
I could have passed along without inscribing
For mortals what I found, deep branded, on the soul of ME.
Where HABITS cover naught, the soul's revealed:
Shaved or unshaven is each SOUL on High:
For this, I came past thunders, wars, through suffering,
To warn, POINT, SAVE, the clergy, ere THEY "die."

*"Supped" first written "walked."



Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE PALL

There is a tomb where Jesus lay,
Who rose, who carried in His clay
A form Divine, by Spirit given,
And taken, WITH His Son, to heaven.
His Son, Who came to bear the cross,
Establish here no pain is loss
If He, eternal as His Name,
Could rise on High, from whence He came.
His eyes beheld the spirits here:
Those, who before Him, passed the bier.
His counsel wise He left, He heard,
As mortals hear the spirit-word.
Then revelation I have writ
Is less a miracle, than fit
To tell the world there is no pall
Can hide the spirits, One, or all.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

I.

SHEPHERD HOLY, GOD OF HOSTS,
 Kneel we here this day
 Praising Thee Who sent Thy Son
 To wash all sin away.
 We search within this living tomb
 Of her of mortal clay,
 That we may be all purified
 Where His are blest for aye,
 Beyond the sphere of mortal birth
 Where Love's own pulse holds sway,
 Where IS the kingdom of the King
 Whom all must serve, or pay
 The ransom of a whoreson's past,
 As I pay here today.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

II.

FATHER OF THE LOWLY BORN,
 (No humbler one than He:
 A manger was His cradle
 Who fulfilled Thy destiny)
 Make US humble as the Lord,
 If we MUST suffer loss;
 And give us courage when we "die",
 Spiked even, to Thy cross,
 That, if Thy Will Be Done, at last,
 Then blest indeed be we.
 If we HAVE worn a crown of thorns,
 Blest Calvary WITH Thee.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

III.

MARY, SANCTIFIED MOTHER OF GOD,
Blest is the fruit of thy womb,
Torn from thy side by the traitorous mob,
And laid as *but* dust in the tomb.
Blest be the eyes that see as YE saw;
Blessed ears that revered the Saint's word,
And pondered them secretly, deep in the heart:
For ye knew ye had seen, ay, and heard.
The Spirit of God, with His word (who shall say)
Commanded the stone of His tomb rolled away,
Who GAVE Him the spirit to rise FROM the clay.
Both sinners AND saints bear witness for aye.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

IV.

MY GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW,
Eternal Father, Thou,
Behold us prostrate at Thy feet,
To Whose edict we bow.
And see the gaping, unhealed wounds
In all souls here on earth.
"Thy Will Be Done": but succour US,
And give each soul new birth,
That He Who came at Thy behest
To cleanse from carnal sin,
May gather to His Holy Home
The lost, and let them in.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

V.

LAMB OF GOD, REDEEMER,
 Crucified, and Blest,
 Shepherd of the lost sheep,
 Bring, and give, souls rest.
 Fountain head of sorrow,
 Purity Divine,
 Behold mine empty beaker,
 This parched soul of mine.
 Crystallize the river
 Of souls! Foul, muddy stream
 Of men without a Leader,
 Of hearts without a beam,
 Stagnant as earth's marshes,
 O'ercovered with such slime
 Thou, alone, CANST purify,
 Or lead to realms sublime.
 Give the cross and banner!
 Rally fife and drum!
 Every soul discarnate
 Would help "Thy Kingdom Come."



Shakespeare's Spirit.

VI.

PRAISE BE TO THEE, MOST HIGH,
 Who sees all hearts revealed.
 Whose everlasting judgment saved
 The Spirit no tomb sealed.
 Who pardons by the grace He gives
 Repentant sinners then,
 Who claims He gave His only Son
 To make them clean again.
 O GOD, adjust frail human scales
 With Thine Immortal Heart.
 And bless each soul Thy Wisdom planned
 To play its Divine part.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

VII.

MARY, MOTHER OF OUR LORD,
 Whose Son God sent to "die"
 That blistering sin should leave no scar,
 If trusting Him on High.
 O womb unsealed for Jesus' sake,
 That God might my Redeemed be,
 Holy of Holies in Thine Heart
 That kept His secret word to free
 The world of doubters of His Word,
 His plans, *and* visions, all Divine,
 Who gave each child a Mother's heart
 That held a love, like His, sublime.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

VIII.

FATHER OF ETERNAL TIME,
 Maker of eternal spheres,
 Who knowest every second aye
 Of Time's perpetual years;
 Who taketh count of every hair;
 Each bird of Thine to fall;
 Giving Thy every gift to us,
 Thou madest for us *all*;
 Great Judge of every good or ill
 With which each soul is rife:
 Saviour of each spirit, ay,
 Thy spirit, which IS Life:
 Through Time abide within each heart
 With Thy eternal love,
 And grant Thy servant-souls may rise,
 Redeemed, at last, above.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

IX.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, THOU,
 Within each temple Thou hast made
 Priceless in birth, saved past all "death,"
 The gem within the casket laid.
 Thou makest every soul a shape;
 Thou gavest every body breath;
 And unto Thee, at last, hast Thou
 Reserved souls past "dying," "death,"
 Past change, by Thy Divine decree.
 O Wisdom! Then this soul's of Thee.
 'Tis Thee I housed in poverty!
 Blind as a stone, I could not see.
 Yet all Thou asketh throughout Time
 Was that I love, and serve, BUT Thee.
 Now are we poor who found Thee late:
 Now we behold Thee as Thou art.
 Forsake us, Father, God, couldst Thou,
 When each child is *of* Thee, a part?



Shakespeare's Spirit.

X.

THOU, LORD, WHO WORE A MARTYR'S CROWN,
 Who, spat upon, rejected, died
 Nailed to a tree, my soul to save:
 Yet have I crucified
 Thee in my daily walks with men
 Blasphemingly; and unrevered
 Thy agonies: the price You paid
 That I MIGHT rise, soul-teared,
 Forgiven, BY Thy sacrifice.
 My faltering feet reproach me now.
 I see Thine spiked upon the cross.
 Thy suffering o'er, Thine agony.
 A traitor, I: eternal loss.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XI.

FATHER OF THE LOST LAMBS,
 Shepherd of Thy sheep,
 Folded still within earth's fold,
 Where Thy care must keep
 Wanderers from Thy Holy paths
 Until Thine hour is come,
 And repentance works within
 Each one, Thy Holy sum,
 Shelter every soul of Thine:
 These ARE parts OF Thee.
 Seest Thou the end of all:
 Still Thy mystery.
 When the lost recover,
 Where Thou bidst them rest,
 Father of all souls alive,
 Fold all, in Thy breast!



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XII.

HOLY SPIRIT, IN WHOSE NAME
 I have served, as here I came
 FOR Thy work my work to do,
 Supplicating, ever true,
 Guided by Thy Holy Writ,
 Scriptural, saving, divine, fit
 For each harkening, halting soul
 Yearning Thou wouldst make them whole.
 Closed the portals of Thy skies,
 His Father's Home, His sacred prize,
 Past a mortal soul to win,
 Scarred, defaced, through mortal sin,
 'Til they bow and serve as I,
 Where, as spirit, each may try.
 Never didst THOU evil make.
 Holy Spirit, let me take
 Onward, when I rise for Thee,
 Her who served Thee, God, FOR me.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XIII.

GOD OF THE LIVING MARTYRS HERE,
 Where spirits live past clay or bier,
 Adjust Thy scales to balance fine,
 And weigh each heart, as soul, of Thine.
 Each heart, of Thine Own essence still:
 No lover's heart but Love dost fill,
 Who art Love's Own, by Love's decree.
 Then, Love, art Thou such mystery?
 To love as Thee, and love for aye,
 Withholding naught where lovers pay,
 But welcoming from each spirit dark
 Thy light of Love, Thy Divine spark,
 Where Love, at last, hath set souls free
 Through martyred love, to serve BUT Thee.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XIV.

O JUSTICE, GOD, EQUALITY,
 One Father of the human race,
 Whose souls are all of Thine Own flint,
 Whose Hand hath dealt, unknowing stint,
 Whose Heart within each heart doth beat,
 Whose Life doth course ALL veins, though fleet
 The span of years to try each soul
 Thou hast made brief, who pay the toll
 Throughout all time, in serving here,
 Anear their past, past any bier.
 ADJUSTER OF THE BLIND WHO SEE,
 God of the world, eternity,
 Time, space, all creatures, races, creeds,
 Weigh separately Thy children's needs.
 And, as Thou hast UNbandaged eyes,
 And seeth, heareth each child's cries,
 Make ALL Thine Own, in Paradise!



Shakespeare's Spirit.

O WISDOM, ON WHOM WE RELY,
 Who, wingless, surge Thy immortal sky,
 Who look aloft through changing years,
 Viewing Thy mysteries, Thy spheres,
 Who pause on the same thoroughfare
 With spirit-bodies, breathless, there,
 Join in the praises of earth's men,
 Knowing their joys the same as when
 In bodies by the Giver given
 We walked the land, and spoke of heaven.
 We know Thee as our Father still.
 The Power preserving shape *and* will.
 Our destiny we do not know.
 Though eons drag, Time's currents flow,
 The God of Wisdom is *our* God.
 Our backs are bared unto His rod.
 Our hearts laid bare, as is His plan,
 Where each soul sees their fellowman
 Without pretence, deceit, vile show.
 His imprint marks us high, or low.
 And, as all rivers meet the sea,
 And love is stored, and Love IS Thee,
 We know by Wisdom's Holy Law
 When souls ARE fit, as Jesus saw
 His Father's House, He HAS His plan
 For every soul in God's great span.
 Eternal Wisdom, loving, wise,
 Help men to seek, and find, Thy eyes!



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XVI.

SUPERNAL LOVE, UPON WHOSE BREAST

Thy children find eternal rest,
 As soothed and cradled in Thy arms,
 Thou sharest peace, stillest alarms,
 Increasing Thy abounding store
 Where Love abounds forevermore,
 Take to Thy Heart the humblest one
 At last in mercy: share Thy Son
 Who blest the world by serving Thee:
 To SAVE the world He came to be.
 Search every heartbeat, make it true,
 That hearts, and minds, Thy will shalt do:
 And, as no love is lost to Thee,
 Where all is known, whatever be,
 Unto Thy kingdom may we come
 And find Thee Love, nor shame Thy Home.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XVII.

GREAT ARTIST OF THE WORLD, AND WORLDS,

WHOSE palette rests upon Thy thumb,
 Whose colors are infinitude,
 Whose magnitude Thine only sum.
 Whose skill, creative power, unknown
 By copyist, are BUT Thine Own!
 Whose bill and talons of a bird,
 As every leaflet earth-wind stirred,
 Are patterns of the Infinite:
 The God Who made the day, and night!
 Who fashioned man, then, OF His clay,
 And woman, in His Divine way,
 And breathed into each body breath,
 Gave each a soul to live past "death":
 And all He GAVE, then gave His son
 That through His gifts His will be done.
 Creator of Thy plans Divine,
 Recall my soul: for it IS Thine.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

INFINITE SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST,
Supreme, Eternal Light,
Passing every spirit's ken
Is Thy Immortal Might!
Beyond, the swinging orbs of night,
The light that looms the day,
All is incomprehensible
To us who bide earth-way.
Thy glories! What IS fit for Thee!
How much THY songs make harmony!
How can we think in thought as Thine,
Or realize Spirit Divine!
With spirits here encased with dust,
At Thy behest we can but trust.
Then as we leave our clay and bier,
Seeing our spirits living here,
We kneel at once imploring Thee
To save those souls Thou hast made free.
Accept from Thy immortal son
A plea to help "Thy will be done."



Shakespeare's Spirit.

RABBONI, ANOINT ME THINE OWN:

For I have served Thee unceasingly.

In the day by word or deed;

In the night by prayer to Thee.

Master, I would come *to* Thee.

I would lay down my burden.

For my lip-service must weary Thee,

Thou, Who hearest all.

Rabboni, I call on Thee,

Pleading, imploring,

That however unworthy my chalice,

It IS the beaker holding Thy love.

Thou didst give me.

Master, Thou lovest me.

Yea, even me, Thou lovest, my Father:

For Thou hast saved me who cry TO Thee,

Knowing all imperfections not OF Thee.

I WOULD be like Thee, Rabboni.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XX.

HEALER OF SORROW, AND PAIN,

Physician of the soul, mind, body,

Lay Thy Hand upon wounded hearts,

And heal them as with magic

Thy word canst.

Comforter Divine, soothe the souls who cry unto Thee

Past the first death:

Insufferable their sorrow.

Uplift with Thy Hand from the pit of darkness,

Which is hell,

Planned *by* Thee to give souls penance:

Rebuke of Thine.

Cure the sick-spirit, the foul-spirit,

Make known Thy presence in hearts

Which have closed the doors.

Stand within, pass through the division with Thy light,

And by Thy word, God of the living,

Give rest, *and* peace.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXI.

INFINITE LIGHT, THOU WHO DIDST DESCEND
INTO HELL'S DARKNESS,

And knoweth the pit thereof,

Who wast sent to bring eternal Light into the world,

Light up the darkness of men's minds, which close out Thee,

Living without Light, as they walk the darkest ways.

Loom through the black pits of heresy, schism;

Opinionated, brainless, foolhardy sons of Thine,

Who refuse to obey Thee, Father.

Appear; make headway through the storm and gloom

Of warfare, hate, revenge, wickedness, crime.

And shine, with Thy pure, cleansing Ray,

'Till the world IS pure, and ignorance is NO more,

But all is Light, known by spirits *as* God.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

GOD OF SONG, WE PRAISE THEE.

Infinite Musicmaster,
Soul of Harmony,
Love.

We worship Thee with hearts in tune;
We praise Thee in singing;
We resound Thy Infinite music,
If hearts attune WITH Thee.

O God, Thy eternal harmonies abound.
Thy metre pulses through the spheres.
Thy joyous notes are flung out
From the untrained throats,
But giving forth Thy praise.

Eternal Leader, Whose baton swings at Thine Own will,
Whose systems vary never a fraction out-of-tune,
Master of every singer, every note of harmonious song,
We lay *our* tribute at Thy feet,

Knowing Thou art the Great Musician

Whose symphonies are played upon strings of Love:

Whose zephyrs play for Thee, yielding their praise.

Whose creatures know Thy songsters sing for Thee,

Who *gave* them voice, and heart *to* know Thee.

Stifle the Inharmonies of life on this planet, O God,

With Thy sweet melody. Tune hearts of men,

Until the praise of Thy humble creatures everywhere

Shall equal Thy silent, melodious creation,

Moving in tune, all harmonious *with* Thee.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXIII.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, ETERNAL SOURCE,
 Supplying rivers at Thy Will,
 While the deep waters of the seas
 Are Thy creation-secret still.
 We see Thee on the water's face,—
 In nature's cup of morning dew,
 Descending for Thy purposes,
 Returning to Thy source anew.
 The iridescence of Thy spark
 Is mirrored in each pool and lake;
 Thy fury, and Thy blessing, too,
 Rides on Thy storm Thy "Peace" canst break!
 Upwelling is Thy crystal flow
 Within each spirit Thou didst make.
 Great Sea, unfathomed, Thou art God
 Who gave each soul which Thou didst take.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXIV.

GREAT ARCHITECT, THY TEMPLES LOOM BOTH
 TO, AND FROM, THY SKY:
 The Father's mansions, all within One House.
 Builder-of-worlds, which Thou alone evolved, and poised,
 On Thy eternal heaven's chart,
 Keeping Thy secrets still,
 While mortals, ay, and spirits,
 Ponder these within.
 Master Mason, using no tools, less mortar,
 Infinite Supply Invisible, Mighty,
 Unsolvable are Thy problems.
 We know Thee none the less, revere Thee, fear Thy wrath,
 Who buildeth souls in bodies, Eternal Spirit, everliving God,
 Whose will creates, subtracts, balances, doles, rewards and
 Punishes,
 With the same Hand All-just, All God.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

MY GOD, MY ONLY FATHER HERE,

Upon Whose love I still rely,

Knowing Thy Infinite justice weighed by Thy scales Immortal,
Must balance for me, as for all,

The measure of Justice, equal, unvarying, according to Thy
knowledge,

Thy promise, Thy eternal wisdom, never varying throughout
Time,

As we see from spirit this day.

MY INFINITE FATHER, Whose love has protected me,
shielded me,

Given me opportunity to reform my evil ways, blest me more
than I deserve, I know :

I call on Thee now, as a child suffering from a burn,

That Thou wouldst pour from Thy soothing flask, Thy Heart
OF Love,

Anointing oil, if in Thy judgment I deserve such blessing
ineffable.

Make me clean and whole, by Thy sacred promise left by the
Son You gave to us, that Divine pardon was the fulfilment of Thy mercy, to repentant souls.

Wipe out my sinner's past. Let me glorify Thee in word *and*
deed.

Accept my cause as Thou wilt. Relieve me of all curse.

Divide my time into hours of reunion with mine still loved
though unbeheld in spirit.

And make me Thy good steward, faithful, honest, prayerful,
tearful in gratitude and remorse.

And Father, Who denies nothing to repentant spirits serving
Thee, withhold no blessing I deserve, lest my soul perish
through despondency.

Quicken my last effort at toil for Thee,

Until men shall pause who revile Thee, nor love Thee, Father.

Give me Thy grace and power.

When I fail in wisdom, prompt me,

For Jesus' sake.

Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXVI.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN, WHO ART HERE THIS
HOUR,

As everywhere Thou art, All-seeing,
With a Father's love, more tender, and Divine,
We know Thou art true to us, whom Thou hast Fathered
forever in spirit.

We trust Thee unboundingly, knowing Thy mercy, Who spared
us.

We return Thy love because Thou art our Father.
Knowing all that is best for us homeless wayfarers, spirits.
On the rocks, and in the fields, covered over with bodyless
shapes, like Thine, we fear Thee, having "no place to
lay our heads" verily.

As children we look up to Thee. Punished entirely, we long
to obey Thee, serve Thee, nor break Thy commands.
Infinite Father, Who first loved us, make us, help us to become,
worthier, to be called Thine. Forever.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXVII.

GOD OF LIFE, WHO GIVETH, AND TAKETH,
BREATH,

Yet causeth life prolonged past this frail portal,
Understanding Thy process by which form and substance is
compounded,

Thou Who hast completed eternity,
We tremble at Thy understanding, who have seen our records,
where is no time, but all is known of Thee,

We behold Thee in the forests, deep-rooted everywhere, mar-
vellously God-like, in majesty like Thee, enduring as
Thou, unending, unchanging.

Sublime is Thy dress on the mountains, in the valleys, gorgeous
the tints of Thy raiment.

Thy diadem crowns Thee. Thy lights are OF Thee, perpetual,
brilliant, healing, mysteriously Thine.

Accompanying Thee is the song unheard, vibrant with Har-
mony, acknowledged by poets, surmised of faithful
hearts.

All life constructs its pean of praise, adds its ratio, works with
purpose Thy will.

Only the *ungrateful* of mankind pays Thee *no* heed, praises
Thee not, assists Thee never, adding no sum *FOR* Thee
at life's close.

Behold, this one is Thine. View him with eyes of Love.
As he fashions his soul-part from a scanty thread, which is
OF Thee, craving Thy grace.

That thread spun by Thy Hand as *I*, the soul of a poet.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

HIGHEST, MIGHTIEST, SAINTLIEST POWER,
 "Thy Kingdom Come,"
 Where rules the evil one today.
 In every home
 Unsanctified, unknowing Thee,
 Sharing unrest,
 Descend with Peace. Give unto men
 Thy courage, blest.
 That every son of man may see
 Thy Holy Cause,
 And know Thy kingdom cannot come
 Breaking Thy Laws.
 Uphold the just made perfect here
 Through love for Thee,
 Till spirits can present themselves,
 Carry Thy plea,
 That all the powers invisible
 May help men see
 There is NO kingdom and no KING,
Except of Thee.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

O MERCIFUL JUDGE, PARDON-GIVING,
 Holding the fate of souls in Thy mercy giving palm,
 Open the prison gates of earth, where souls await Thy word
 of saving grace, repentant of sin, crime, loathsome
 neglect of Thee.
 Bound fast in fetters where sin binds, and punishes, all call
 on Thee, seeing Thy souls everywhere in all creation,
 alike chained through time to serve as spirits can.
 Look with compassionate eyes Who seest all good thoughts and
 desires *unexpressed*, divining intents.
 Lead the blind in spirit, O God, lest they fall back into sin
 from which there is no escape.
 With Thy mantle of mercy cover o'er misfortune's inheritance.
 We call on Thee to plead in justice for our cause, never lost,
 because we *are* Thine.
 A new life may respond at Thy word.
 And Thou canst make us
 Whatever Thou wilt.
 Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

RESTORER INVISIBLE, AT THY WORD
 Our souls *could* rise.
 Thou couldst elevate our spirits,
 Or banish all.
 Thy voice all obey in spirit.
 Thy word IS Law.
 Separation of lives means death,
 As we see it.
 Loss of affection and care
 Through Time, cruel Time.
 Our hearts yearn to possess
 Our beloved ones.
 We mourn, as spirits, for the ones
 We cannot find.
 Partitions separate because
 It IS Thy will.
 Must it BE done, O God, *have* mercy:
 Souls cannot die.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

OUR FATHER, JUDGE, AT LAST,
 Of convict, sinner, saint,
 "Blest be the tie that binds",
 However poor each plaint.
 Instill with hope through time to come,
 With comfort through Thy Word,
 As promise made the One Who shared
 Thy victory, listened, heard,
 That He *should* rise and *be* with Thee,
 At last, when past earth-agony.
 While we plod on through wilderness,
 Seeing Thy world in war's distress,
 The leering, hateful, murderous eyes
 In spirit, where no paradise
 Awaits the foul one Satan sent
 Who must reform each foul intent
 Before those ears hear Thy reply:
 "Today shalt thou share My Peace, my sky."



Shakespeare's Spirit.

FATHER, IN THY HOUSE I SERVE,
Doing all I can *for* Thee.
Simple effort, yet Divine,
Must be every spirit's plea
Who enlists at Thy command,
Serving all unblest, nor free;
Harken to Thy souls *through* me!
As every spirit kneels in prayer,
And supplicates Thy pardon, there,
In the tent which Thou hast made,
Who wouldst preserve each soul, each shade,
Past all dying, mortal breath,
Past destructive fire, when "death"
Cradles that part of its own,
While Thy spirits all atone
Whereso it hath pleased Thee best,
Ere permitted final test.
Cradle each within Thy Heart,
Thou, Who knowest this, my part.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

ENDURING, PRESENT, LIVING SOURCE,

Supply of all desires and needs,
 Past defiling, muttering tongues,
 Past division of men's creeds,
 Holy God, One Father, Thou,
 Blessing all who look on High,
 Rasping tongues, despoiler's brains,
 Reforming naught. If Thou art by
 Each has ALL, if each has Thee.
 Thou art in each organ-loft:
 Dwellest Thou in every tree:
 Every falling petal trusts,
 That contains *its* life, of Thee.
 Every branch, each paltry stem
 Of Thy struggling, battling race,
 Thou didst make complete within,
 Giving all a saving grace.
 Add unto Thy failing sum
 Unity of hearts and creeds,
 Thou One Father, God Supreme,
 Knowing all Thy children's needs.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

JEHOVAH, LORD OF HOSTS,
 The world resounds Thy Name.
 Thy everlasting, blessed, Holy Name.
 We call on Thee the same as when
 We traversed earth as mortal men.
 We look aloft imploringly:
 Thy Name we call unceasingly.
 Thy Holy Name, Jehovah.
 True as Thy Name we know Thee, Lord,
 Who live, Thy purpose to record.
 Who kept for aye that part He made,
 When in each form He laid a shade,
 A soul, reserved from the dust
 To pay Thee tribute: Thee, to trust.
 Then, as I am one soul to plea
 And send my cry out, up FOR Thee,
 Jehovah, Lord, hear Thou the rest
 Who fail, who try, nor stand the test.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

MASTER-MECHANIC, GOD, CREATOR
Of life, high, great, low, *or* small,
Completing cause from Thy effect,
Replete *with* Thee, and wondrous all,
Infinitely various, past our minds to understand,
Every gift Thou hast created,
Tooled by Thy all-perfect Hand.
Sun, moon, systems, spheres attune,
Vast creations of Thy will,
Infinite Thy Holy knowledge,
Supreme, Almighty, as Thy skill.
Only human beings vary,
Pause, rebellious, lack and fear:
Only men, of Thy creation,
Blemish Thy perfection here.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXXVI.

PROVIDENCE, THOU GREAT PROVIDER,
 Past *my* spirit to unfold
 Secret store of laboratory
 Hidden, buried in Thy mold.
 Laid aside, as Wisdom planneth,
 Where no eyes *but* His behold,
 Are *His* treasures, for His *children*,
 Surmised not, though earth be old.
 Bounteous as we see His surplus
 Stored beyond the ken of man,
 All *IS* His, and still, His *secret*:
 Could but *God* conceive the plan!
 As we draw He doth replenish:
 As we use He giveth more:
 All, He *gave*, to bless His creatures,
 From His never-ending store.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXXVII.

GUARDIAN, KEEPER, OF MY SOUL,
 From Thy fountain, never dry,
 I may bring a cleansing potion,
 Holy, and BE cleansed thereby.
 I may see Thee as a rainbow
 Promising the storm is past;
 I may walk the thorny pathway
 Where He "died," and rose, at last.
 If I am shut in WITH Wisdom,
 Nor closed out, apart FROM Thee,
 God will find me willing captive,
 When He calls me, sets me free.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXXVIII.

INFINITE BREAST, ON WHOSE MERCY WE LEAN,
Longing for rest from the earth's low and mean,
Begging to rise above battle and sin,
Open the portals, Oh let the souls in!
INFINITE GOD ON WHOSE WORD WE RELY,
Repentant we look to Thine Infinite sky,
Soul-scarred, and tear-scarred, Oh save us, and bless
Thine hungering souls in earth-bound distress.
Almighty Grace, which was promised to all,
We crave but Thy pardon. All human *did* fall.
Absolve the repentant; receive us in rest;
And soon shelter all in Thine Infinite breast.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

XXXIX.

ETERNAL VERITY, ONE GOD,
Adjuster of an atom's weight,
Whose balance poised through Divine Will
May rid this earth of impious hate,
Who spread a banquet on Thy boards,
As suppliant Thou bidst ALL partake,
Divining souls must gathered be,
Where Thy Blest Son doth Thy bread break,
O make this feast anew, we pray,
With preparation such as Thine:
Where souls must pause, nor enter in,
We yearn for bread only Divine.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

MASTER-MATHEMATICIAN, COMPUTOR,
 Of Thy sums worked out by Wisdom,
 Which IS Thee, alone.
 How vast, past reckoning by souls,
 Are Thy numbers, glories, space, time,
 Products of mind,
 Reflection of Thy eternal balance, All.
 Beyond souls' reasoning are Thy benefits
 Accruing compounded eternally where Thy children
 Are Thy debtors forever and ever.
 Past MY soul to number the blessings
 Thou hast given each child undeserving, as all are,
 Of reward.
 To permit the failures of Thy family
 To make restitution, even throughout ages,
 To lift a grain of shame
 Laid as blemish on Thy scales,
 Deducting from Thy sum, robbing Thee of Thy kingdom,
 Postponing Thy benefits, pauperizing Thy wealth,
 Shattering Thy temples not wrought with hands but given by
 Thee *for* Thy purpose.
 At last where souls count, and re-count,
 Must Thine Infinite balance, accounting only Thine,
 Prove unvarying
 Truth, Justice, Righteousness.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

BOTANIST OF LIFE, FLOWER OF THE KINGDOM,

How do *I* reverence

Who speak these words,

Calling on Thy help here lest I fail to do Thee justice

WITH my plea!

Leaf-of-Eternity am I. One of the fallen ones.

Pour benison of words like Thine

Into my preserved hearing, past "death," all change,

That I may serve Thee now.

Scattered as the winds listeth *are* Thy fallen ones.

(move gently here.)

Where are they gathered.

To this one who wound my way hither through mazes dark,

I wonder, I pray, unceasingly I do implore the God Who gives

and takes, restore all lost to Thy branch, harmonious

WITH Thee.

Thou, alone, beholdest each calyx, heart:

Divinest its fragrance, surpassing my methods to extol, even

for Thee, My God, Redeemer of my soul at last.

Tenderer than ANY blossom made at Thy command art Thou,

Who dost conceive all.

Thine essence, from which we draw, respond, exhale, Great

Chemist of mixtures mysterious, insoluble,

Pour upon each human petal Thy fragrance ineffable,

Into Thy herbs Thy healing power,

And O Maker of All, where souls are weeds of Thy kingdom,

evil roots, no one *but* Thou divinest their purport, God,

yet Thou dost NOT exterminate these, but they grow,

live, through Thy sustaining power, thriving, through

the life Thou dost preserve, nourish.

God of the flower-kingdom, flowers of the heart would perish

but *for* Thee!

Accept the few crushed leaves from which MY cry is wrung,

the essence of my poor heart, living *because*

Thou willed it.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

GOD OF WRATH, HURRICANES, TORRENTS,
 Quakes, volcanoes, lightning, thunder,
 Whose power to punish rests *with* Thee
 Who didst calm the waters with Thy word,
 Made darkness light,
 Create and destroy with power inconceivable to man,
 Preserved man, past "death's" obliteration,
 We pause at mysteries of Thine, daring not to question Thee,
 Lest Thou punish still.
 As we became Thine, of Whom we are begotten, saved,
 We love Thee, Father.
 Fear to trespass against Thee,
 Understanding Thee not,
 But trusting Thee evermore.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

GOD OF THE ROCKS, GEM-STUDDED,

Lava stream from boiling mountain's sides,

Thou markest Thy histories

In these closed books, for future generations' profit.

Crushed must these tomes be to give forth Thine imprints,
 recorded as Thou wilt, without man's varying aid, un-
 beholden as Thou art ever, God of purpose, Supreme
 Historian.

Upon these, Thine everlasting leaves of granite, that first
 Book, recorded at Thy blessed word, through Thy serv-
 ant for all creeds, races, past all to dismember or deface,

Thy Supreme Laws, graven by Thy obedient son, could save
 this, Thy kingdom, where, had I, one son, through Time
 related to Thee, of Thee, but followed this, Thy Book
 graven on stone, for me, my spirit, here earth-worn
 through service to mend up my ungrateful time, could
 avail *of* Thy reward reserved for the ones who *follow*
 Thy instructions, eternal, as all *of* Thine.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

GOD OF THE HARLOT, WHORESON,
 Adulterer,
 Father Immaculate,
 Whose just Hand gathers that which is OF Thee
 From every mortal stinkpot, cesspool, sewage foul,
 Saving the depleted wreck
 For Thine Own purpose,
 Seeing in each Law-breaker Thy Holy spark,
 Worth saving at Thy Hand,
 Mouths and tongues which have defiled Thee,
 Blasphemed Thee, disobeyed Thee,
 Reviled Thy wisdom, served Thee not, praised Thee never,
 Open the Way to the pool where Thy leper's sores ARE
 Truly cleansed, at Thy word.
 Purify by Thy saving grace each putrid heart;
 And pour Thy healing salve of Almighty forbearance
 Upon these, who festered and polluted Thy temple,
 Given by Thee, through which Thyself was damed, barred
 out,
 As they would, but never lost to Thee, their Father, God
 Of the Holy Ghost.
 Praise His All-purifying Name.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

MY LAST PLEA FOR MEN

My Soul's Plea

Had I one thousand thousand tongues
 With which to work my work of praise,
 Still would the Maker of my chance
 Be served through my spirit days.
 Then can I mouth from spirit side,
 And work a wonder In His Name?
 If ye heed all from here I writ,
 The work's complete for which I came.
 If ye heed not, Pause now, reflect,
 If ye God's marvels behold NOT,
 Canst comprehend who speaketh now,
 BUT one who shares the Spirit's lot
 Allotted him as BUT his share
 Who served his own, or Divine, will?
 Rape not: sin not: but pause, think well
 Before His plans ye alter, shun or kill.
 That thing God gives past "dying," "death,"
 Am I who serve Him past *my* breath.
 To save ye such a curse as this,
 That ye may rise, share IN His bliss,
 PAUSE, men, today: my words read o'er
 With hearts attune, but NOT to score,
 Lest, headway if ye rush, YE serve
 Where Divine purpose doth NOT swerve.
 Should ingrate mouth my words unfit,
 Partake of warning, benefit!
 Mayhap we'll meet, should ye *not* do it:
 My torch ye'll need, though mortals rue it.
 As I came here, HAVE spun, past dust,
 Ay, must YE SPIN.
 God *hearken*, trust!



Shakespeare's Soul.

("Spoken to his medium by word of mouth, heard and transcribed by her for
souls having bodies.")

REPENTANCE THE ACT OF CONTRITION HIS CALL

I do affirm being now a shade in the employ of Jesus, Who serve daily, hourly, His cause, we find Him here in our new beginning as we face ourselves, the body that was ours, resembling our eternal part still living without pulsation, cognizant, sensitive, having all powers of mind added thereunto, magnified through spirit essence.

As we come forth to stand WITH our beloved, unapprehended BY these, alert to all workings of mind, we kneel before His mystery, which gave and took, preserved eternally, having no need except the need of grace Omnipotent, which we find denied through our lack, our IMperfections.

To be able to scan our past being, rehearsing as we do all evils we assimilated, therefore became, we lose nothing of mind, memory, and the like, rather accentuated is all perception, understanding, as well as enormity of blight, curse, which we find recorded here in full, at which we glare, acknowledge, too, deceiving ourselves never so little in doing all to rid ourselves of afflictions we fostered within souls during a life-term in humanity's form.

We submerge our consciences in His Infinite justice, leaning upon His mercy, Infinite, too, else we should not survive long through trials in spirit met, yea overcome because of trust in His Infinite compassion.

Our countenances, unfit to look into His face, shame every mortal's spirit. We who faced difficulties and overcame hardships in the earthbody, complain not at His justice, for we had His Laws which told of His division for souls without His gates.

He varies not at all. Has no favorites. Shows no mercy to those who carried His BANNERS, yet failed. Truth prevails in God's here-after *here*.

We wash the feet of His beggars. Feed His starving souls, through OUR enlightenment. Call for, and are supplied, helpers IN our tasks, ultimately.

To reveal His secrets must I suffer. But to work His miracle I came past thunders. Know ye then: ye must REPENT of evil before evil be banished out OF thee. To change thy substance is not easy. Nor in spirit is it trite.

Appalling in numbers are those who fail. Grieved at this part of my record I pass swiftly over the sum. Vast concourses await without Him: and wait not FOR Him; ay, it is true. Repent not of evil, seek not betterment FOR Him. He loves the erring, too. Since these survive. He knows frailty, who knows All. Then He places on probation for a time, His Own time, the ones who WILL not save THEMSELVES. Themselves, even.

The heart's substance follows Life's "beyond". Its currents divide. To sum up our affections at the close of years we count with our members, is to complete the final result. By "hearts," I mean enduring affections, the love principle of the mind.

Should I tell of all we miss through this survival would I punish aforetime by taking from His hand that which His future bestows on each soul.

Shall I usurp His plan?

Regrets follow after breath ceases. Tears flow, AND fall. Through His Infinite Almighty plan CAN flow and fall, and DO, in every act of repentance veritable before pardon.

After His call, when The summons has been answered by the obedience of slavery, His voice IS heeded, sought, as His balance is Spirit's toll.

Could mortals pay as they walk His way IN the body, ye ask? Ay, in faith, following His precepts. Veritably true IS God. There IS His kingdom. He IS where HIS will IS done, in heaven. "Seek ye FIRST His kingdom, and all these things shall be *added* unto you." FIRST. PROFIT. ADDITION. The Alpha and The Omega. His part am I. My small part is now His.

Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

Told in Divine History, repeated oft, and retold in various forms in the same Book, His leaves: the lost. The Lost *one*. The missing unit. The imperfect circle. The broken home, heart. The just man, imperfect.

Hated of all is a sinner; shunned, despised, flung-out, ostracized by the good; the cleverer ones who have been able to hide the lost talent, the missing link, the imperfection which sullies, blemishes, discolors, disfigures every soul which should belong to Him Who was sent as the Example.

Should scoffers deride my assertion that the just made perfect is not here found whole, complete, he must abide His time to be enlightened by himself. I am a soul. OF souls now. I should speak with authority, blameless at my task, which is only to perfect my soul through this one for the Almighty, BECAUSE I lost MY talent, and must seek it, find it, restore it, and more beside if I can do so, with God's help.

Then I DO speak for the incredulous now. The UNbeliever, scoffer, the one who cleans the OUTside of His dish, licks the inside, sets the platter with those cleansed perfectly UNDER His cleansing water, power, at His word.

I leave the sullied pure who ARE pure, to themselves. They face God, who IS Purity Himself. If these can bear His light, His searchlight, ay, THEY will know MORE than I.

I am constrained to pause. My own task set me by my better part desiring to BE cleansed, places the obstacles of justification for sin and sinners before me, condemns me AND my cause. The human frame on which BUT mortal cravings, replenishments, are flung, lusts, if perverted, requires its stringing up, tuning fork, rehabishment, re-establishing. I shall not go further into this here. The wise know and fools learn.

To justify sin is to slip His barrier without honor. Know this. He holds, must hold, His sacred prize for those who pass His final examination, trial. This, too, WE know. To be a soul so wise as to realize ourselves incapable of His tasks, is to admit our failure to ourselves who found our decree which

divorced us from Him, who WAS ours in the beginning, IS the Father of All. It is to admit you BELONG WITH those outcast from His blessed isle of peace surrounded by His ineffable sweetness, supply inexhaustible, where is His smile only, His approval, as well as His Own.

Then can we alter His Laws, or a single Law of His to fit our special cause, lack, craving, purpose, intent, idea, ideal?

Bah. Disgust. I pause.

To skim His dish, take for the inward part His best NOT unto His glorification? To smack the lips at His forbidden board? To drain His cup forbidden? To accept not His banquet spread before thy gorging eyes, but demand at His hands the morsel He reserved for Himself?

O shame. Fie, I cry, on you, His ingrate, His thief, His lost talent lost to Himself.

O God. Thy heavenly banquet WITH Thee must be surpassing fair. All hail the time when souls of Thine, Thy disobeying ones, may gather around Thee to partake with Thee of Thy portion given them FROM Thy hand.

Accept my plea, my service in Thy Holy cause, that I may be summoned to Thy House, my Father, whom I love, obey, in my outcast place where He bade me wait for new garments for my soul, FIT for The King's table.

Behold I wait, as waiting upon Thee for Thy purpose, I do sing and preach my days on earth FOR THEE, as Thou biddest me.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

HIS IMMACULATE ONE

The story is told. His sacred story, in His Book. All hail!

Doubters of His glories, His power, I speak. I am a shade of His, a miracle performed by Himself for me. My inward reflection of my outward being He preserved, in His wisdom doth preserve. For all human forms He made His part, their souls.

Why is this doubted? Have ye unravelled His mysteries ye do handle, behold, pass by in derision as FIT for thee, no matter about the Inventor of them, they BELONG to thee naturally. His air you breathe: *His* current. His plant-secret; the smallest atom THERE ye cannot solve. His seed. His life-spark. Ye name it, RE-name it for Him, GERM. His fingers planted it; no matter what YE may call it, it is His wonder. A small miracle of His, out of His Father heart a remembrance for His children's needs. Perhaps. I believe it so, at least.

It is only natural to reflect the Giver must have thought when He prepared so bountifully the board of His banquet hall. For He made the palate too. His secret: taste of the mouth and its environs. BEFORE He created one He perfected the other. For His purpose? Not a doubter is here from spirit, and there are many spirit eyes looking on us here this day this hour at *my* wonder works, FOR Him. My imperfections, but His miracle or I should not spell my own words on this page. I spilled my time, His sacred years. His tasks I am ABOUT. Be ye likewise IF wise.

How much can your mortal palates forbear, that is the question. Little doses of God's wisdom placed with sweet coating in the mouth for thee to suck at. Repulsion ye will NOT have.

My subject now.

Conceived He all, all-perfectly. Without blemish, as we suppose, in His beginning. For the Giver's gifts WERE Perfection's ONLY. Then He could plant with His plant-kingdom His secret, life, what were IMpossible, to *Him*.

That He performed His miracle through His will, keeping His Divine secret to Himself, BUT once, for all creations

following to believe in His power, might, wisdom, was SUFFICIENT.

That the record of His birth, coming, going, will endure as His Divine intent and purpose wills it should, we have known from the beginning of our soul's experience. He, is God. With Him ALL things are not only possible, but evident, shown. As we ourselves in shadow, that part which lived from birth, ay it is true, within that case He fashioned from His dust, breathed upon, NAMED man.

That every breath of His doth not claim Him here, is another equation. There are traitors foul in spirit likewise. Postponing their efforts in His cause, idlers, gossipers aplenty, mischief making tools of the Almighty, unsharpened of wits, unpliant, misshapen by their own intents, perversions, hatreds, enmities, dishonors.

The Holy One Who came into being for His purpose through His Divine will at His Own behest, WAS pure, IS pure. Ye shall revile Him not the least, dissect Him not, suspect Him never of impossibilities, else may He show you in person how secret is His knowledge of thee, even. We fear Him, as we love Him, and revere His works. Ingrates are His burden He bears without complaint. But punished by themselves does He permit, for scoffers. It is enough, here.

The record of His miracles performed through the Immaculate One taking Him AT His word, heard as spoken from spirit to Her, is His proof that He WAS the power of creation.

Created Him a Son for Himself, that SHOULD be the Light of His world He created, loved so that He GAVE them His Son, His ONLY One, to be the sacred channel through which He alone worked His miracles, joined, in the perfection of all accomplished, Whose Record bears me out.

His humility, poise, assertion that His Father worked through Him and He could perform not anything WITHOUT Him, should be acceptable from the Divine One.

Astronomers with your powerful lenses seeking afar His secrets, would ye turn that glass Inside magnifying for Him the soul He did give thee that ye find it before too late it IS found, dug out of thee by His power alone, to stand before His face, a stinging thing to smite Him, defy Him, wasting His time allotted you to aid His cause, the world ye occupy to help Him search for, free from, sin.

Scientist, delver after wisdom whose fool of Wisdom ye are, shall ye hold the atom of mind reserved at His call? His balances ARE His, infinitesimally small though they be.

Skeptic, of His, His picturebook is before thee. Take from Him into thy child's understanding, thy childish mind, the leaves of nature, God's fairytales, and sit cloistered with these through time thou canst NOT unravel, and revere the Hand of God, the Author of All.

To the impure all things are made manifest of His purity at the close of lids from which fell no tear for thine own lacking part for Him, OF Him, reserved for Him, but to be perfected by thee, alone.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

WHY? ANSWERED. BY MY IMMORTAL SPIRIT,
SHADE, GHOST, SOUL OF ME, SHAKESPEARE.

The age is idolatrous. His children everywhere have turned their faces to the sodden earth and its pleasures of life giving them sensations in return.

Illimitable time is God's forever. His "ever-and ever" Jesus knew well when He added it finally in His masterpiece, that Holy composition whose powers move the silent spheres, being all needed TO move them. His WORKS, then, defy Him not, disobey Him not, and ARE His. Only His children for whom He made all, gave all, are His disobedient ones.

Behold the result, in this age, written in their own gore, 'as His wheel of Time is clogged, His purpose delayed, His kingdom tottering, verily, on His creation, earth.

Then it behooves me, a shade of His, His disobedient one, to make a full statement to my co-laborers in the field, meaning men in pulpits who serve the Almighty, in behalf of souls, recommending to them our course, which, if followed by mortals will save His world for Himself, as God intends, intended from the first, when His only command was that His few children obey Him in His denial for THEIR good.

The Record makes History. The world of His disobedient marks His time with pages of shame, defies Him, loves Him not. It is my purpose then, while the time is given me, for His purpose, to set down in writing, the reasons we find in spirit shape, WITHOUT His clay, for them to alter their course, before the world He loved is rocked, shaken to atoms by His disapproval, mayhap disfiguring His plans, His face, robbing Him and postponing His design.

When He saw the world leaping backwards He performed His miracle. Yet another and His world may stop at His Own bidding, His word. His patience, endurance, MAY end with His rebuke. Ay, verily.

A new Sodom is here today. With my foul tongue could I still describe its vileness. God forbid me to use this sacred tool except for Thee, in music Thine. Yet do I command attention being a shade, revered still on His footstool.

Do mortals see, think on, hear, and yet revere Him not, OR

His cause? Why should THEY fear God? Do they ask this question of their unGodly selves? If so, can they answer it, summing up WITH His divine intelligence He gives each child of His?

After the change ye mortals speak of as "dying", "the end", "death", ye do revere the Maker of that part ye find in His universe without the breath and bones He gave you FOR His purpose of divinity. Minus His wondrous tool, His gift of human substance, ye are handicapped at service for the Almighty for whose plans ye were sent to help His Holy cause.

Ye run as the light. Ye hear through unbroken silences with an added hearing all silent, rendered by thought, reading INTENTS of the mind as Jesus did while IN His sacred body; ay, the thoughts of the heart read He while here, read we now.

But that secret is not revealed to us in spirit who share His added parts, handicapping us, UNLESS we serve Him in His likeness. Then do we revere that living God whose powers and secrets we know are His because we, FIND, them His.

To balance the worlds and systems of His eternal chart ye know One must, should ye take of His valuable time a second to look aloft, in His face. Is this impossible for you to spare so much OF His time FOR Him? Then look INSIDE, perhaps inside *your* mind, at His balance there: the balance of God. Mind. Thought, even. Whose finger, or reflected knowledge has UNTIED this knotty problem, or divined its balance or adjustment met in each living creature THROUGH His knowledge, by Himself, the Creator of mind-power, brain-power, reasoning-power. His image! HIM.

And yet ye fear Him not the least. Blaspheme Him. Call His Name in vain but never in earnest.

O sons of God, reflections of His image, ye must BRING that all TO Him.

Then why should you love Him: the Creator of your selfish selves. Well, He brought forth sensation FROM His mind which is yet the attribute OF mind, and ye love His trophies but cannot love the Giver. O shame. Shame, I cry from spirit this day, hereon. That His children do not find Him, seek Him, love Him who is All-Love, Magnanimity.

Do ye return Him NO gift? Then ye BRING naught TO Him, who gave His All, for such AS ye. Asking obedience, love.

Then why should ye worship Him, send Him a pæan of praise from your lips to thank Him FOR His gifts, His life He did bestow, His riches, wonders all, and last of all, greatest of all, for His proof that He made you to ENDURE FOR His time, His Own eternity.

Because, in your disobedience, *AND sin, ye must share WITH sinners, the place He ALSO prepares for His rebellious ones, who serve Him not, consider Him not, obey Him not, love Him not.

His proof was final, too. As we see in spirit this day, He may intend the wicked to destroy themselves, one another, ay. As they do. Then will His Own world He loved BE His, with His remnant, God's few hearts that loved Him, His scattering ones who served Him WITH their minds, hearts, souls, all.

Then shall we in spirit be gathered to His bosom?

God grant a new world soon, for Thy saints' sakes who toil for Thee that Thy kingdom may not be lost TO Thee.

May each son who wears Thy shield, Thy armor, be protected from the evil in Thy disobedient ones. Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE

"CONTINUOUS LIFE: I prefer."

The expression of God is eternal. His life IS Him. He is our life.

His voice We know who speak as now, having a mind to balance every word here uttered. Then our topic is from spirit a solved equation, demonstrated at last by Himself, through His Law inevitable as all laws of His Own, therefore indisputable.

When we arrive to dispute with ourselves, our consciences, our inalienable right to Justice, we know Who judges, how little our conferences with our pigmy intelligences weigh in His Own worked out problem when His finis uttered, but unspoken, makes us free as individuals, untrammelled, to seek Him.

To add to our portion for Justice I speak now. It is my right, so far as we see it is not wrong, to speak and be heard through a mortal lending their human part, keeping their own intelligence in abeyance for the purpose. That is as *I* see it. For many aver it IS wrong, and I now lay claim to the right to prove them wrong.

Competitive interests allow of mutual donations, here. Well, you argue, if the Maker intends death as a separating veil, let us wait for His disclosures.

He performs His Own miracles in His Own time, place, and after His Own plan. His perfect Son, sent because His knowledge surpassed mortals, and He knew some sign must be given whereby they could hope, else sin would destroy the world itself, God loved, and must have made to add to His perfections.

Should I, an immortal spirit of my Maker's, endeavor to solve His reasoning beyond this, it must only be to add to the sum the verification of Justice, and the knowledge, immediate let me say here, that the world needed saving grace, God's promise shown His children through the miracle after the crucifixion, through which God, Almighty Spirit that He is, parted the likeness of Himself from the human form of flesh, uniting these again, the lifeless form with its own spirit, the

making one form alive, and kindled the fireless form with His flame undying, gave back the power of uttered speech, restored by the Great Restorer, and lifted by His Hand on High.

The glorious ascension of That form as it rose to His kingdom, heaven, wrapped in His earth-mantle, shrouded as before burial, was the final act of His drama conceived and enacted through His Divine purpose: to awaken the idolatrous of earth through His power, and sacred performance, that to "die" might mean to end gloriously, to walk with Him, to go to Him: when the curtain fell for every soul they should have had His promise, His way shown, His power proved, and His eternal, undying Spirit, His Own Example, verified by His work, through His love, BECAUSE of His sacrifice.

And he proved His word by His deed. Knowing His Own time endless, He would profit by His gift, that His perfection should not be (await) the result of strife through imperfection, punishment for broken laws, but that His Own children should look up and help the Heavenly One, so Good, so Mighty, Everlasting: that He might be loved in return for all He gave; obeyed because of the harm that should befall through disobedience, through sinful ones, to Himself.

Is it not strangely incongruous there are today among earth's intellectuals those arguing the immortality of His souls.

Doubters of His, unaffected by His miraculous works, skeptical of His power, while yet the heavens speak His glory?

Again do I affirm, I Shakespeare furnish proof of His undying souls, having brought forth to utter and describe many hundreds by now through her whose ear I use to enlighten miserable ingrates of His, satisfied without His staff, His works, His souls, His bread, Himself.

For all souls, for His undying glory.



"From Shakespeare's Soul."

THE MISSION OF MAN

*Requested of Shakespeare's Spirit, by ———, Los Angeles,
California*

To enlarge upon the topic presented by our Co-Worker, may we not include our after-part as well, verifying, as we do here, man IS His eternal preservation, and call our subject: *THE SPIRIT'S MISSION*, which amounts to the same, but includes eternity in the outlook from within.

The soul's place in creation: what is it? Since Jesus lived all men regardless of caste, opportunity, learning, have had the privilege of this knowledge. He was sent by His Father, *CREATED*, that is, to do His will that all men living forever might know on Whose mission He came hence, why His Father sent Him, when the Only One He did thus create for Divinity's purpose WAS His Son, conceived miraculously.

To establish anew in men's hearts and lives the fulfillment of His time, mercy, service, love, a record so astounding as the Man of Galilee remains until this hour. His Divine Mission: God made man. Then WHY He came, His Holy Writ records. All thereafter were to be followers of His. As He and the Father were One, as He accomplished all that He did with His Father's power, speaking with Him daily, hourly no doubt, His will and purpose was defined by His example, speech, utterance, love, forgiveness even upon the cross as He hung dying, that all should take up His cross and follow after Him, *IN HIS STEPS*, wherever right, principal, justice, self-denial could lead, they were to go forth preaching the Word, denying Him not, revealing Him AS an example: the One Who preferred His Father's will to His Own will: accepted of it, died through it, for it, because of it, that His mission MIGHT be fulfilled. To such an extent He trusted that while He knew if He called His Father would hear and send Him a legion, He WOULD not call. For His *Father's* will WAS His will. For this He came. WAS man, suffered as only flesh suffereth. Pangs of His sacred body! Pain and

ignominy suffered and endured because of traitors to His Father's cause, cursed, reviled, spat upon, He complained never: trusted ever: knowing all was the plan of His own Father, whose business He was about, WHEN He suffered.

It was the Divine will that an example should be left to explain His life-purpose was the creation of a soul within a body that could not die when that body was stiff and cold, decayed, or reverted to the clay from which the Divine potter worked, when He tooled that first man, Adam, through His will or by His hand, I know not, NEED not know.

His mission is ours. Our mission must be His. Just as we follow in His footprints, the example (He hung upon the cross to expiate sins of sinners), just as we believe on Him, serve Him, acknowledge Him, as well as follow after Him, shall we find the ultimate result FOR Him.

Then, are we God's because of the blood He spilled, the martyr's crown He wore, the death of ignominy He died?

Are we followers after Christ, Christ-ians, born in His right to share every burden of His breath existence allotted us?

Have we a mission as souls? ARE we created for any purpose? If not for His purpose, why does He preserve the spark of Himself, undying, as all He created? What is a soul's part in His creation? Inside and outside of flesh, it is the same part! To know Him, accept Him as God unknowable, Power, Divinity, Utmost Will, All-Mind, All-Wisdom, All-Spirit, All-Force.

And then to fear All that we cannot know, reason, divine, of His Almighty Reason, Knowledge, Divinity. Accepting His Own miraculous and loving Gift, Jesus, the proof of His power, the Divine outlook of Reason Himself that His world should be His, through His love, unstained or unsullied through evil or sinner's blemish.

To know Him IS to love Him, trust Him, hold to Him through His eternity unending, His deathless soul, His undying part.

I am comforted.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT ALL?

At sunset we mourn not: a new day MUST dawn.
God's plan IS His day after night.
Through life-term we murmur at what we have found,
Caring naught if the end bring us Light.
As sure as ye live in His realms after "death,"
Must ye bring all the Light that ye find.
The judgment awaits, and the Judge is INside:
His part: ay, His spirit, AND mind.
Must you search for the dawn ere the break of His morn?
Ye trust, as ye rest, through His night.
But in His "hereafter" but HERE after all,
Ye serve Him Who IS only Light.
I have come through the dark to help such as ye.
I have paid as we pay, one and all.
Do ye heed one of God's who has thrown off His robe,
Ye will stand in His row, ere you fall.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

EVOLUTION. IS IT HIS DESIGN?

We evolve in spirit through His grace, as we come in touch with His formless form.

We know His power, His truth, but as yet nothing of His wisdom have we imbibed since our changed form, except as He willed, that we behold Him face to face without form, except that shadow of His escaped from His clay house to mourn for time that we found so little like unto Him *within* ourselves, when, as spirits we behold Him everywhere, His poise, His clay, His systems, plans undivisible, unknown, but of which we partake in His wisdom for His Own purposes OF His creation.

Form plays little part in His universe after all. His Infinite patterns adjusted at His lathe we behold in infinitude, yet we comprehend nothing of His secrets still. Our mind's souls having partaken of His adjustments, are staggered for a time to adjust themselves. No current is missing. We absolve the Infinite from our errors, blame ourselves in His true light of spirit for our each shortcoming, as we begin to wait upon Him through His time, for HIS purpose, NOT ours.

If FORMS change into higher forms through stratas of His Infinite plan, why SHOULD we not suppose that we, being made like unto Him, should HERE be evolving His likeness reflected by Him throughout His creation? Our higher natures survive, WITH His part, after the change, which "ends" nothing but His breathing power. Absolutely, this is true. I, Shakespeare, furnish proof.

HAVE we evolved from lower forms, then, is the question you are asking. No. I say we have NOT. Creation, the God I found Who permits this part surviving wherewith I now plan this paper (article would be better, Sarah) needs no such jargon.

If He created the orbs swinging through His time He did devise (incomprehensible is Eternity, I now affirm) His patterns WITH His power are His Infinite Mind, out of which He alone made, thought out, demanded created, that which immediately stood forth whole and perfect at His, the Creator's word.

Then His forms evolve, evolve themselves, ye question?

Perhaps. Perhaps each tiny spark of the Creator's dust liveth: taketh thought, as of Him.

May I not suppose, as spirit, that each life-spark holds a thinking mind, subservient to His will, the Creator's instinct?

Then, if the lower forms of Life itself prove worthy of progression through the will TO progress, learn, strive for His ultimate perfection, should I not have the same thought here for all I see needing His sublime patience, amenable to His rebuke UNTIL His plan BE acceptable to each atom of His?

I now pause. It is too vast. I cannot unravel the secrets of The Almighty. But this I do. I here acclaim my soul as His I found in starvation after His change. I now progress.

May you be enlightened hereby, that, after the form emerges from that form you stroke and cherish, ye will find at least illumination through my mind, my part of His preserved still, whereby I speak, think, revere Him AND His All-Wise creations wherever found, of whatever mould, or formless still like UNto Himself, His Almighty Power. God bless us all. Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"Add a script. Push this in somewhere. W. S. Spirit."

The Scientist who named forever his theory after his own name, who poured an atheistic solution on His world to stifle His creatures, His life, His mind, as WITH his plan he would prove creation needed Him not at all, was a power unto itself, was one of the Almighty's fools who spilled His reasoning to defy Him. Such are classed as His Infinite wisdom elects, to seek His cause from His effect in our world.

Divinity rules, you can be assured by me, a spirit. Just AS He creates, He demands at His word, obedience.

I shall write no more today.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

TO GOD'S IMMORTALS:

From One of His

Our Infinite souls are His regardless of learning, ability to imbibe or acquire His knowledge, skill, intuitive, perceptive power, which unites with Him, no doubt, since we must only go TO Him to be restored Who IS Mind Himself.

It is here to those I would speak. Mind-fellows, creatures of sense: thought-delvers: creators, who must, for His Infinite purpose, be His examples: His followers: chaste, charitable, just.

Have you a soul, you must know its relationship to the Infinite. One spark of His intellectual abnormality igniting that power called by human intelligence, genius, and you move in His eternal currents. Forever. Forever. You know this is so without comprehending it even. You pause when questioned by mortals regarding your methods, before placing outside your personal attainment the knowledge you have apprehended, fearing to name its source.

Howbeit, if you have been near the burning bush you realize the supernatural means by which it became aflame. Do not argue with me. I am a spirit of God's. I know. I knew TOO.

When human endeavor reaches superhuman accomplishment it is justifiable to name the source WITHOUT your vane, a current of the Almighty. A force celestial. Helpers from on high. Maybe from below. All intervene between the plodder and his final supreme, uttermost work winning benediction of praise throughout ages, unvarying unstinted acclaim.

To behold chariots in clouds, cities in roaring waters, or to dive beneath torrents for the secrets of the deep, even a pearl, is to mount a steed that can flee, fly, and swim, to ride without harness or buckle, on the wings of day, or fangs of night. And whose hands hold THESE steeds?

Outside, BESide, every individual in mortar, I affirm a spirit rules, or tries to rule, at least, to better, or hinder, if so attracted by desires of wicked design, and our powers of spirit increase with your adaptability, achievement, of course, when

WE learn and profit by your course which we elevate at our best, which also becomes your best then.

To be Shakespeare as I am, still, yet unable to tell of spirit practices, confounds me. Your reasoning is nil. Compounded, yea, and then multiplied by Infinitude's sum, must your normal acquirements be ere you are able to conceive how mortals are open wells into which we dip—leave or subtract at will of both recipient and giver.

I do digress my subject now.

His Immortal Intelligence He gives, increases with His experience of spirit birth, as our chance to serve Him has decreased. We find our tasks allotted ARE those OF mind, intelligence. In whatever paths or bypaths humans walk, or travel I should say, however insignificant their tasks, there is room for the perfection of both work and worker. Then should there be no idle spirit. Shiftlessness plays its part in glory. Sums of atoms fall unnoticed here, so small of attainment they ARE, shadows naught else.

To glorify the Cause of life, Source of intelligence, is to grow, to resemble Him who is All Life.

To work through an individual striving for His ultimate good, beauty, perfection, is to live WITH His ideal. Thus, and for such, we search when Spirit dictates our part, sets the stage, calls us before the curtain, where to be honored of Him is All honor: whose Name is our dearest possession: in Whose presence we sink into oblivion of ourselves, our several huge perfections notwithstanding,—while the Author of our being permits us a new trial with His Own patterns alone, under Perfection's rule.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE PEACE OF GOD, WHERE IS IT TO BE FOUND?

Disruptions, volcanoes on the earth's surface, make us mindful of the fires within her belly, which we know, but do not reason out because with our "wings" can we manage to look into craters' mouths. To whatever signification mortals ascribe quakes of the old wheel we know as well. We cannot add, if we are honest, and divulge but truth. Yet those affect us as well, who partake of the sufferings caused through all disasters whatever, wheresoever.

I am limited in knowledge, more so than when I could command the literature from my fellows, the deep thinkers. Our discussions do not depend on Scientists or their theories. When in spirit we see as spirit sees, know how valueless surmises, or the estimates of tables, statistics, figures.

Systems of His vastness appal us. We value no man's guess in spirit, much less his theory, unless, to be fair, he can prove his surmise as based upon relative fact. We take him at his word who expounds, if we listen, which invariably we do not, owing to the fact that our interests vary as we have expanded, the mysteries of His past solving, His riddles are unworkable *as* His reasons. We cannot fathom these. Therefore book knowledge—relates to the surviving interests for us. Who does not care to weave a tale from spirit? I have seen none. We weary at well-doing even, and must try our hand, our wits, at play, or schemes, to help on our brothers-of-fiction, tale-makers, for use, or to pass the time it matters not.

Having minds TO use we grasp at opportunities.

We hear dissension. We know ruptures, wrangles, dissatisfactions, and the evils of earth we work to better, thus know these.

What conditions then are bettered through the change of form from mortal to spirit you ask. I ask you. Well, unless we in spirit can change evil to good, we apprehend the end, either at the Hand of Justice, or self-infliction, destruction entire.

There ARE planets of His system without life. We abhor

the clarification of accidental demolition, stagnation, cessation. Forsaken of Life we know to mean forsaken of God. Lifeless then IS Godless. If deserted by Him all living must perish. Does that or could that include us as shades, spirits?

Our globe of earth lacking mortals, would belong to the spirit kingdom, where a new kingdom might be established FOR us, ruled by the One whose second coming we look forward to here as our Saviour.

If the children of God refuse to obey Him, that His will may be done, His kingdom may come suddenly, and at His word!

How can WE reason with mortals? Of what benefit to us? We see as spirits, travel as shades, walk as ghosts, behold as souls must. What common interests have souls with mortals except to help His kingdom TO come, that all may share His peace, reflect Him who is God?

Would that earth's men would lend their sense to help us in His cause, which is theirs. We shall never meet beyond earth, who occupy space with mortals. And He WILL come here. Our souls WILL benefit through service who HAVE served HIM, partaken of our chastisement to our betterment. As we earned a blessing it *became* ours WITHOUT supplication, we found. We attract good in proportion as we desire God.

What folly men endure to shine, mock, strut, amass: at last what sacrifice: *endurance* past *human* capacities. False gods all men follow who do not follow Him. If it is to worship their own offspring, should these crowd out their Maker from the heart?

Standards are false. Men are judged by possessions, positions, book-learning, lineage, and all truly worthless through His time. A crust with God is enough. Clean hands and NO plate. A soul that shines for Him outvies in brilliance the learned Doctors or a King's brilliants. We walk beside such, longing. Some few souls shine with His glory, and power, we have met on His highway. Some few.

The peace of God passeth MY understanding. To partake of endless strife, bloodshed, wars, famines, pestilence, violence, deceits, moaning, intrigue, enmity, greed, starvation, wrong,—to be loveless and homeless, with not where to lay our heads,

are but a few real truths of our miseries continuing because of mortals' wrongdoing, selfishness.

Senseless, Godless, fearless flesh.

Away with hypocrisy. The world of earth is our world, and we see you, hear you, walk with you, know you as you are. And your dearly beloved is HERE, right here to share in the terrors you of earth foist upon our souls careless of WHERE we live, or IF we go "beyond" this same vale, else would you listen for us, seek us, part the veil before your eyes, open your ears, behold our miracles, and help us to help you that The Almighty God of Love may SEND the Prince of Peace to His Kingdom, to rule WITH His Divine will, good, NOT evil.

So be it.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE MAKER'S RIDDLES

His secrets are His Own. Past minds of His mortal inhabitants of earth's terrestrial sphere, or spirits unified comprehension who occupy space, slightly elevated at times above His ground of earth, but not differing at all, except that our interests vary, are not equal, surpass the interchange of ideas emanating from human forms, either between us here and them, or those of their kind, still altogether human in forms of flesh.

Shall I *inform* mortals through my wicket that is my soul's intent. To choose at words, vie with the earthly sonnets of mine, I have laid by, I do not purpose now. My claim was first to expound my right to unfold. This done I offer up my soul to this one to form a light to lead a single soul from the darkness of idol worship, carefree existence, innate, inground below the surface, in souls of varying worth everywhere.

To expound is to teach as I learned at school. Rules are made for fools, but not so the Golden Rule. His Rule of Gold, purity, worth. To help, then, His riddle-seekers, as well as those mystified through His holiness, creations, unsolvable inventions, laws, causes.

Invariably mortals seek the unknowable. Science, the name illustrious, among themselves. We do not ridicule here. Our pity forbears such, mortals. OUR experience immediately solves one of His immortal secrets. His life, that shall never die. Has not died.

He needed His undying breath to give us life, spirit that is. Then shall we announce that we who find our bodies unvaryingly supple, adjustable (adorable too, oh yes) ARE breathless, having parted with the earth-frames needing such, but are OF Divinity, His Own undying Breath, SPIRIT. To perform His wonders, WITHOUT His will, and powerless without HIM, would Scientists. All call upon His Name who work His slightest miracle here, in spirit. His answer is His assent to our supplication. His dissent is OUR failure. To *walk* with Him, is to rely upon Him, certain of His mercy as His power. To believe Him the Keeper of His tower, His colossal universe, is our first recognition of His Supreme Authority.

To swing His eternal pendulum of Time, adjustable through

His Infinite skill, unvarying one second in His timepiece, Eternity, and to be His undying element Whose secret is never lost though unknowable, is to marvel, through my centuries at least, at His riddle of creation.

The bosom of His earth, His precious storehouse, holding His creations, secrets unsolvable—His living specie, indivisible minute—His patterns, chemicals, laboratory—Varied harmonics abounding, unending, multiplying, ever discoverable, unlimited—The fancy, ideals, limitless creations of minds reflecting His Own, yet shadows of Him. Wealth of His, His unbroken, undying, unsurpassed riches of soul, that within, adhering to His glories abounding WITH Him, satisfied with Him *alone* who IS All.

Inventions of His—His poise—the many unnamed miracles beyond thought or prying of puny intelligences. His silent voice uttering His works, obeying His will, obedient all! His melodies of silence. His systems. Systematic keys obeying His voice, played by His hand above, silencing inharmonies, of which I mar His creation, one of His disobedient ones.

Even a drop of iridescent dew is His miracle. Methinks, His tear! His body holding His spark: pods within pods, planted springs Divined by His rod. His mould-of-clay, with ITS unmined treasures, infinite mechanism, web-like structures, self-supplying organism of lubrications, adjustments, balances: limitless tool of God's.

Why do I not betray some secret as yet undiscovered, or unfold a bud His Own warmth and light has not, for these scientists, fellows-of-Mind? Because, AS a spirit, a secret of His, I do revere the Maker who made me, this spark, in His image. I know by what I have beheld face to face in spirit we shall know Him never until, unless, His creation adjusts to fit His Divine purpose, and according to HIS will, His life, human, as divine, is one, pure in His Purity, wise in His Wisdom, loving—as IS His love, just as His equity and division, unselfish as His mercy, fitted unto His Eternal Pattern, adjustable to His side because PART OF Himself.

So be it. Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

To ————— *From a Teacher in Spirit Life*
Mr. ————— *is the Author of a book, "The Science of Poetry*
and the Philosophy of Language"

On the pages of history we scan while the world reads US, we sit with philosophers, hug their tomes, endure their language, reverence them *and* their theories, sometimes, thinking ourselves wiser BECAUSE of them, their vast knowledge, etc.

Now life slips by when our fingers select for our eyes titles like yours, sir, pleasing, tickling our literary palates; for we burn no midnight oil, or candles, are privileged to wear no spectacles now.

We converse, as usual. Know the output of reams, their value enduring, their authors, too, though it may seem strange to think we should care so much here. It is our pleasure to care. Our lives have continued without change of thought when matter ceased to exist, for us, and we learn painfully, whereas in the former body, we took our learning, as we took our lives, as our deserts.

Here, WE change, as we find philosophy hidden and are bidden TO learn to suit us no longer but from an opened book all plain, vast, printed on nature, variable, unstable. And our literary output vies with servants willing to serve without pay, laboriously, often creditably, more often with less credit.

The Great Philosopher waxes eloquent in lectures of silence, unbroken through ages. When our book-of-days lies before us, our only literature, our language never varies. Our philosophy has undergone great alterations. Face to face with the Book-of-Life, we are sadly ignorant of His works. We begin to learn when we meet His first problem. We learn more later; when we teach others.

But it is from His Own Book, His language, as He bids us. The framing of sentences, dotting and crossing letters, using our parts God given for this cause, is not here our illustrious pastime.

No matter what *Science* has given us, it counts not a thread for us now. We are His in the ultimate, or we linger where He passes NOT, but we must rise to meet Him.

I am on my way. My wish is to aid all so illustrious and able and brilliant as those having minds to think, and reason, out His secrets, yet too clever to believe Him capable of hiding, in His Own way, the secrets we find were but His Own, must remain His, until our fragile breath ceases, when we begin to yearn to know Him, revere Him, seek Him, help Him, Who is the Great Scientist, Inventor-Creator, Philosopher.

Speechless, without tongue, or need of wisdom so puny, we stand elongated from our bodies, alive, living entirely, with CHANGED bodies, having our same forms, His atoms generated by us, our divers modes of life, thought, practice, marking those ethereal gnomes, making us individual patterns, but thin air.

The secrets of Science ARE the secrets of God. But for His wisdom you could not have unravelled one of them. To revere the Cause back of the small effect, were wise—small payment for His vital energy, His spark of mind, intelligence, aid.

The Poets have their corner. The agnostics are here: but silent their silvery-tongues. Awed, with speechless forms, language is inadequate. Equations are met in His wise plan. Though a spirit rebel, he finds the answer, without working it out at first, it being self-solved, apparent, as in all his faults he is visible to all.

This constitutes the raiment for the new-born. Their thoughts clothe them, acclaim them, generally defaming them.

We rush to Wisdom, whose smallest examples we may solve, with staring eyes, wide open, at what His secret reveals to us, with the change you call "dying." At once our lack stares back at us. We were not anything we seemed. Absolute as our failure, we are still recording, able to undo, or strive to do all, following Perfection's plan, unknowing His science, reasoning, power, philosophy. Knowing Him as All-Power, All-Knowledge.

To better your inward part, that which is still recording for time, which is eternity, HIS, TOO, we labor to enlighten you, having ourselves passed through His atoms, imbibed His truth.

Ever illustrious we are not, nor may we become. Life has planned, in His wisdom all perfect, stepping stones on His road, eternity, whereby (therefrom) spirits may get on, rise, proceed. Thus have I stepped along while *I* pause in spirit, to place YOU on a foothold.

In His Name.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

(Through a humble one.)

THE OPPROBRIOUS WORD, *MEDIUM*

Praise God, we shall not be lonely in Paradise.

To clear the skies I speak. For those who look up to the skies, as well as for those not caring to present my arguments of facts. I see as spirit sees. Under pates of Wild-grass or Buckletight, know their reasons for whirling vitriol of their own, and yet I pity these smug dwellers, as I walk beside them, unable to make their fastened eyes see me.

Do these who revile the ones claiming to wait upon spirits read the Old or New Testament? Do they believe what is compiled for eternity for this cause they bluster is shameful? Are all those recorded in God's History, past need to name here for my purpose, since their name is legion, in the Book of Life, to share the opprobrium of those mortals who hear spirits today? The Nazarene, to Peter, and Thomas, His beloved disciple, His Mother, and the Magdalene, and Paul who was converted by His voice from spirit, presenting Himself WITH that voice, at times. Were these fraudulent, criminal, immoral? Were these mediums, as well as Mary, whom Jesus Himself counseled wisely as having chosen "the part which could not be taken away", when He advised the sister who was cumbered with service to become as they? The advice of the lowly Nazarene: above reproach, believed in, worshipped, followed by all not infidel or pagan, the Medium, Jesus, the Holy One of Bethlehem.

Where is the man who is following Him today? Who cares for His spiked body, and utters curses from his lips, serves Him not, defiles His temple not made with hands? Who walks by His side revering His Name, ponders His coming, for such AS THEY, His going, and then appearing in the part God made at His Own lathe to prove His soul imperishable, His life Immortal: that the case of clay contained the spirit only God Himself could conceive, mould, within a body, remove at His will, lift through His miracle after reunion with its clay, that SUCH as YE who bewail His spirit, denounce His gifts of soul-sight, soul-hearing, prophecy, healing, by the word or through the hand?

Look up where His Own was lifted, through His will, that, knowing God, ye might fear the result of blasphemous lives,

ignorance, uncharitable deeds, words which scorn Him, defiling Him, *or* His plans.

Jest, ribald mates, as ye denounce spirits, ghosts, the part God gave He saves. Does it reflect Him, Who gave a Son to prove He COULD not die, who was a part of Him, of all He gave breath, you, likewise, His sons, that hold an immortal part, a shade, invisible as the air to those who see not, nor care TO see?

“—Behold I stand at the door—” the latch may lifted be at His Own hour—when ye CAN see, must see yourselves. It is enough.

Reach out for the Record of Souls: turn its sacred pages: then, if ye revere not His spirits, communion with spirits, I am no more. Holy, Holy, Holy Spirit. I would I were one with Thee. Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

WISDOM'S TOOLS

(*To All Producers of Pictures or Plays*)

We have been commanded by a lady to speak from spirit on a theme we present with our own title.

The great ARE great until (unless) they "die". How small *we* seem, as we review our past: lost opportunities, warped decisions, summing up ourselves, our lust for gain, fame, and the like, which make men mad and madmen of all.

Few live who worship assayer's metals. All genius knows fame's evanescent bubble, vanished before staring eyes. The change solves instantly many a query Life held sealed 'till the inevitable "crossing". Awakening, ay.

Infinite Intelligence makes loan to mortals for His purposes, wise, mighty. The power of God IS His Almighty force working through you, a channel for His Infinite good to make men pause, to rise in Godlike stature, being related TO Him, Who IS the Father of ALL.

A picture or a play as a power for good, CAN be His Own power, illimitable as all He is, makes, gives to His *children*, asking only that they revere Him, praise Him, love Him, obey His sacred laws.

Mortals need help this hour. They who possess power to uplift mortals during creation's upheaval, and use this power wisely, are tools of The Almighty, His sacred blades. Each curtain rises on His opportunity: each day IS His curtain.

To picture in the mind His ideals, is to work with His clay, create from His palette, speak with His tongue as mind to mind, out of the silence sending forth His voice to reach His part that dieth not, is not defied, but IS brought to the eternal shore, known OF Him; scorned by Him, too, if incomplete.

Tools of Wisdom—the ones who reflect Him in the hearts, souls, of the human race; such, men, are YOU: greater than orators in pulpits, men of science, delvers, or pliers of His secrets All-wise, and as such must answer either for scorning or abetting His purposes.

A mind-portrait requires no storage space. His secret, too. Crammed the archives of the world with lenses, yet, the little room reserved for Himself in each human case has unlimited capacity, where mental records are added each second of His time, impossible to calculate, but His Own: visions without plates; pictures without canvas, colors or paint, drawn as by His unseen will for His eternity, where every soul unrolls the screen, where, preserved for each spirit's astounded vision, are memories, scenes, recording all the history of his days: hours, speech, thoughts, ay intents.

Here I linger. O would that Time, His universal heart-beat, COULD enfold, UNclasp the pictures graven, tooled as He planned, where memories mark our lost and wasted span.

As on His sky His colors rest,
But mixed by His Immortal Hand,
So, on each soul, incarnate Mind,
Is tooled a record His breath spanned.

When Life has rung the curtain down,
When on His film death's light is cast,
May every soul you helped to rise
BE there, to welcome YOU, at last.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

“DELIVER US FROM EVIL”: (Jesus of Nazareth)

Across the desert of this land, a spirit speaks. Beware!
Interpreting the Master's words, for His who take no care

His words to speak, His name to praise, His works to do,
His steps to follow,
If, in THEIR paths there be earth's wealth, filth, grime in
which to wallow.

Evil there IS. And ye shall see how greatly He hath cared
for thee,
Who made FOR thee this prayer,

When from your eyes His veil doth fall,
Now hiding “death” FROM thee.

The evil one, perhaps, IS thee. If evil 'twas ye *lived*, 'twill be.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"THY KINGDOM COME"

GOD said: "Let there be light!"
His word brought forth the orb of day.
By His command His world was wrought;
He gave the Christ to show the way.

GOD said: "Let there be love!"
The time has come for war to cease.
The world shall bow but to One king,
Whose kingdom is the world, at *peace*.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"THY KINGDOM COME": Jesus.

Would that Thy day would dawn, when on the earth "Thy
kingdom come",
Thy feet might traverse then OUR way,
When each had worked The Father's sum.
When, ruled by Love, All-pure, All-wise,
Our Lord might come to earth
To greet His Father's children (brothers all),
Perfecting His new birth.

When ruled by Love, the King WILL come,
We spirits wait His time,
His plans perfected THROUGH His Laws,
His life all one, sublime.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES *AS* WE FORGIVE
THOSE WHO TRESPASS." (Jesus)

All fail the while they strive to imitate Perfection. None ARE perfect here. Our failures meet us and stare us out of countenance immediately at the close. We see backwards through the closed door. We ARE forgiven *AS* we forgive. But few realize the full benefits because hatred and strife are ever present, everywhere we go.

We circulate WITH mortals, having physical beings; that is, we know their thoughts, see their motives behind these even. Then we know more of God's impossibilities than when we read lip music passed from mortal tongues. We pray, we kneel, we worship. We assist mortals in their attempts at all life's vicissitudes. When we rest, we have earned rest. Our burdens are vast, weigh us down, in truth.

Then, as we are not impeccable, let us reserve blame, which all reverts to its creator to be added to his burden.



Shakespeare in Spirit.

HIS PROMISE

Out of my heart, a rainbow one day
I sent as an arch to half-circle the earth;
O'erhead there WERE clouds of mistrust, e'en dismay,
But would these dispel with the Light of new-birth?

It circled and fell midst the bloom of the earth,
While its arch was the door to all hopes of the "dead."
So we gathered the hosts in a mighty array,
As over the hills to His door journeyed we.

Now 'twas night, and God's promise sunk back in His sky.
But we led the array, flesh-bound, and the free.
Will the dawn break tomorrow, revealing His bow?
Or, drawn be His curtain with light?

Must we carry the rainbows of God *but* INside,
When His curtain falls down with His night?



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT *IS* IN
HEAVEN." (Jesus)

In heaven above, alas above us here, where *IS* His home, His peace, our-own, His blessed will prevails. We reason thus.

We yearn to see His face, to share His bliss; we crave His pardon, too. For none escape.

His will is *NOT* done *HERE*. I crave to speak, to tell the struggles of *OUR* world, where all is chaos. We look on, who long to better our class, the intelligent fellows of mind, made to rule subordinates, elevate the poor, wretched criminals.

Have done with hypocrisy, it is foul. A moment may close the door, and outside its portals may you stand whining, as I, for lost time.

His will *IS* done at last. You must soon see. If heaven *WERE* here, as men in seminaries teach, and all surmise, then were the harvest His when grain is ripe, *BEFORE* the fall.

How can you stand who never stood for Him? Give this a thought. Where is the harvest ripe in any field where God's hand alone could gather? Then how have fields been planted, if none to garner, His.

The reaper sows as well. For the harvest falls as it grew, to relive where it fell. Think on it, fellows.

HIS fields are sown in heaven. Our fields are here.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME." (Jesus)

God of the spheres, which do obey Thine Infinite Almighty
word,
In silence swung, but all attune in Thine Own harmony, un-
heard,
But bursting into symphonies, too great except for Thine Own
skill,
How do WE bow before Thy throne, The Master's words, the
Maker's will!
All hallowed BE Thy Name, O God! Thy Holy Name,
Omnipotent,
Who gavest all, then sent Thy Son, and *took* the Son whom
Thou HADST sent,
That men, Thy creatures, one and all, *should* serve, revere, Thy
Holy cause,
Nor break, nor mar, efface, defame,
Thine Own immutable, just Laws.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

AND WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

There are men so vile as to be traitorous to ANY cause. Jesus knew one, whom He took to His bosom, expounding the truth for which He came, and "died."

Spiked on the cross, this traitor foul acclaimed Him, when too late. Lest it be so with you, I write hereon, expounding: not as a wise man, nay; but as the smallest of His fools.

I know what it has meant to be WITHOUT HIM, who write these words for men, past "dying," serving Him in spirit this day.

To be a Spiritualist, then, what constitutes THEIR dogma? This is my theme.

1. The word, spirit, is His word: Himself: God. He planted it within clay, the Divine potter, giving it His breath, "the breath of Life:" God: Himself.

Then, to apologize for being like Him, or accepting His plan for man as Wisdom's own, is to announce before the world that you do NOT approve of Him, or His plan.

It is to stigmatize YOURSELVES, to weaken your INWARD part, soul, undying as Himself, immortal as His plan: God's plan. The plan of The Almighty Spirit, The Holy Ghost.

The little band of followers Jesus knew while IN the flesh-body, KNEW HIM, took Him at His sacred word, obeyed Him, revered His cause, then loved Him, and mourned His departure WITH His sacred body, for His Father's cause, because THEY knew mortals, as well as we who write, although occupying bodies "they knew all things" given them through spirit communion TO know. And they knew the flesh was weak.

It is beyond this spirit's comprehension to surmise ANY of that small group FORESAW the world as it is this hour, having slowly deteriorated downwards towards paganistic theories, abstruse doctrines, Godless, profitless.

Still, DO we surmise they knew the Great Teacher would need their testimonies. And each kept a record of the Master's deeds, His mission, transcribing, after their several modes,

or peculiarities of speech, His utmost design, His last uttered word: "Lami—lami—why hast THOU forsaken me!"

Jesus knew this record would be preserved. "He knew all things." He was the rock foundation. We do not suppose HE KNEW, WE find it true. The times have borne Him out in His divine knowledge that the world was traitorous to His divine cause: that men WOULD deny Him, forsake Him, until the end.

That some of these would stand in His Temples, and from His pulpits search His Divine Record yet expound Him not at all, He must have known. Those of His bosom denying His cause, His Father's cause, THESE BE followers of Judas Iscariot.

Men, brothers, I am no traitor HERE. The end IS NOT, yet. There is time, ay past your reckoning, or mine, in spirit. His time illimitable, unending. Such IS eternity, I found. And it was for eternity the Almighty God of Wisdom conceived His plan, sent His Son in a physical body, used His tools as only Divinity Himself COULD do, to perfect His creation, MAN, made in His image, and made in His likeness, spirit, the picture, substance, grace, power and wisdom of God, the Holy Spirit, the Father of All regardless of caste, breed, race, color.

(You're going too fast, W. S.—S. T. S.)

Only a few lines more. W. S. spirit.

We pause on the threshold of the UNseen. While biding His time, when in a second of His own creation, TIME, ye may know ALL too late to serve Him; too late to speak FOR Him, too late to acknowledge Him above all, first, ever. The One He sent to show the way, a light (spirit), to lighten the darkness of mortals' minds, to give them faith in the UNseen, He rules as the Almighty can. The miracle He wrought to save them from wickedness, idolatry: the miracle which perfected His creation, tooled out of His mind, worked through His will, FOR His own Divine purpose.

Then, do you belong WITH Him, AND His, acclaiming Him wise, grateful for His benefits, unworthy as ye may be OF them?

Where DO ye stand as mortal this day, this holy day, wherein ye draw His breath, breathed into you from His nostrils as a

PART OF Him; keeping His life in that temple-of-yours He CREATED to COVER your soul, until He opened the latch with His Own hand?

Are YE a traitor, too? Acclaiming ye denounce His plan, have ye a better one devised from your pigmy intelligence to supplant His plan?

What have ye done to prove your worth in His creation, up to this hour? Have ye a tongue He gave you WITH His gift of mind, and yet it belongs not TO Him?

Speak! I am a shade of God, having no tongue EXCEPT His mind, eternal as God's providence this day in my head He did devise to last through His eternal days, including His judgment hour!

Alas, alas, I AM a shade, a shadow—No more will Shakespeare PLAY, but WORK with WILL, as here I pound on a thin division of His, a door provided through Providence for my impoverished soul. Amen.



Shakespeare in Spirit.

("Through Sarah, make it now. I like it best. My humble flute.")

SCIENCE VERSUS RELIGION

By Shakespeare's Immortal Spirit

"The heavens declare the glory of God," while the earth IS His glorious footstool, yet the eyes of man behold Him not, neither respect His handiwork.

His marvelous orchestra never skips a beat, while His baton invisible swings the eternal timebeat of His universe, completing His silent symphony.

His lights, brought forth by word of His, illuminate earth's darkness, reflect the wisdom of His plan complete, yet shine

not at all through or upon the minds of His infidel children whose purposes defy Him, mock Him.

Where is the man so foul here in spirit who comes hence to revere not His works he finds when His door closes him outside without breath. Where is a single child of His here who has not sought His hand to cling to, as shut outside His walls of clay they do revere something made through His skill, tools, His creative power.

Belittle yourselves here, Scientists, as you sit cross-legged on His floor WITHOUT raiment, or shelter from His winds which do prevail, and learn of Wisdom's God, who created you like unto Himself, the while ye did repay Him with an ingrate's defiance.

Small, ay as the atom ye measure and divide, are you at last in His sum. A speck of dust blown from His furnace, to float through His time wherever He wills. *I* know NOT where.

The power of man, is His power. His creation.

The power of mind is surely His: the power, the wonderful powers (add s, Sarah) of mind!

He loves with His Almighty power of will, and trust, and Infinite patience: His mind.

All these He shares with His children. Yet science degrades Him, profits Him naught. Superior to His Infinite intelligence they delve at, for, His knowledge and find His abstruse ways past finding out. Yet these fellows of mind, educate the public not at all, as through centuries their failures they record in tomes of learning to must, pinning on their own bosoms medals of science to label them throughout His "hereafter".

Dogma and Philosophy befuddle His children, while His Own few simple rules, too plain for His learned children, are laid to rust in minds corroded with noxious doctrines, wild-cat assertions, wrangles over wine and birth and water, while His soul's ascension is not here discussed, marveled, or heeded, verily, by these of science, His fools. As wise as Wisdom none are.

Traps are human minds. You can set them at your own will. If you hunt wild game you will find cooped up an animal unmanageable at last.

"Seek and ye shall find", while His, applies to His wisdom

only as He wills it, for all we can comprehend. For while man butts his mind against the foundation of the world the Rock on which He built securely IS, at last, secure. He imbibes His secret knowledge NOT AN ATOM.

Then revere the Source which ye shall see continues to play His Own part regardless of your puny comprehensions. Be content with His portion He allotted each of you when He gave His power TO think, to love. And, are ye Wisdom's Own this sacred power will revert to Him at the close. For He told you ALL when He gave His All To you: asking little for all He gave, but that ye do revere Him, love and honor and praise, His Holy Name.

His plans, secrets, He alone COULD devise in His Wisdom, install in His plant, His powerhouse of the mind, His Mind.

Where IS the learned today in this land He created from His mind, giving to some unequal chance, that, being infinitely superior they should reflect Him, His thought. His method of wisdom includes self-unfoldment according to His plan. His heights are unscalable, it is true. But according to His plan.

When ye do throw a battle axe in His face, you poppinjays of Life, ye find the scar awaiting your astonished vision in this "beyond" of God's where I do preach this day that ye who propound yourselves as wise as Wisdom may here reflect more of Him at the close.

His Infinite treasures include His mind. Rob Him not at all. Tease Him not, lest YE live to walk as I who speak hereon.

O sordid of earth's world, how small your precious atoms at the fall of His curtain. How little ye gather fit to be called spikenard, within those alabaster cases, His, which SHOULD be pure, reverent, comely.

His secrets must remain His secrets still. His miracles are His Own. Man never has found Him except within that soul of His, his larger part, His eternal atom: mind.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE ANOINTED

He told the world that He SHOULD die. The friend He loved He knew WAS dead. He saw that He would raise Him up. He told that He MUST drink His Father's cup. Peter, He saw, WOULD thrice deny Him. Judas, He *foretold* would betray Him.

In all its forms He coped with sin; yet sin He cured by a word to His Father, God.

Provision for the multitude He furnished; yet HE FAMISHED for lack of understanding.

Why was this? Have you an answer ready?

WE see as shades. Spirits. Who open the way today for men TO know Him. He gave all given TO Him by the One Who worked THROUGH Him, yet this did not include provision for Himself: the withered fig-tree, which had no fruit when He came to it hungry, in need of sustaining food for His physical body.

He did not ask for Himself a single portion from The Almighty, knowing His Father's will must BE done. He came to SAVE others, NOT Himself. He rose on High to prove He needed no miracle for Himself greater than the lifting of His form *to* heaven. He knew God and His angels WOULD provide, wherever they lifted Him. Trust in God; yea. He trusted in His Father's ability to save when He stepped on the waves of the sea: when He spoke to it, and with His word calmed the face of the waters. Yet the burning tears He shed through His own agonizing sorrows scald the heart of every creature living, and ever must, because of His selfless love: His hope that His own trials would save the world His Father loved: the world God gave Him TO save, from sin.

In Paradise, where IS Thy Home, awaiting earth's children worthy to sup WITH Thee, how art Thou grieved to see the lines of fallen ones not ready to BE saved, to greet Thee, follow Thee, to partake OF Thy eternal Home with Him Thou hast served.

Anointed of Mary, loved of Thy simple band whom Thou didst teach to perform miracles by the word, heal by the touch of hands, lifted eyes, or a call to the Father Who heard Thee

always, make us to realize Thy worth and power; Thy anguish and sorrow; Thine ignominy suffered through the wills of traitors; Thine agony; Thy death on the cross; lest we fall in evil ways and see Thee not, meet Thee never in Thy Father's House, laying up no treasure in Thy kingdom Thou didst die to make pure, holy, divine: ruled by The Father of All in peace *and* love.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

May Day, 1920, New York.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

[Note by W. S. in Spirit. On Dr. _____ (_____ Church of _____, Rev. _____), says: In his article or sermon, on the subject of Spiritual Healing, he refers to it as the "last word in organized religion". He "believes it to be worthy of the confidence of the whole Church," and in an interview gave his reasons (quoted). Dr. _____ said that "to the person broken in health, or suffering from nervous affliction, spiritual healing offered the most efficacious remedy. In his opinion it is farther away from superstition than any other conceivable creed, although it has been discredited at times by lawless fakirs that have paraded under its banner."—See the rest of the clipping: New York Times.]

W. S. Speaking:

I want to ask why spiritual healing is not the FIRST word in organized religion, if, as Jesus said, "greater things than these shall ye do who come after Me"?

Why, too, does this pulpit man limit God's power, or His disciples (one of whom he must be, if he IS following after Him) to "those broken in health or suffering from nervous diseases"?

Perhaps they (the Ministers) begin with SIMPLE miracles and grow towards MIRACLES? Since they cannot trust God to work REAL miracles for them?

Have any heard of a man of God who IS doing greater things than miracles that Jesus did?

Why ask the Great God to limit His power to MINDS of patients when INCURABLE ONES are God's patients, according to the New Testament. Perhaps they lack faith: or what is the matter, that it is "the last word"? Show us the FIRST, please. What miracles HAVE you wrought with the blind, lepers, demon-possessed (see the insane asylums for the answer): and here this man of God tells how Ministers first send those beyond help of man to an "expert" "psychologist" who diagnoses his case and recommends him for treatment either to a physician or to a spiritual healer.

Isn't that RELIGION? First, let the expert try, and see if he knows more than God (or less) then, if HE CAN'T, suppose you TRY God, and see what He can do for this man. Don't bother the Minister too much? He might be held *responsible*.

Then comes the irony of Christian faith. "He (Dr. ——) has been practicing for a number of years in the city, and results in most every case, he says, have justified his hopes." Can you conceive this as from the lips of a Minister ORDAINED to HAVE FAITH AND TRUST? "Ask and ye shall receive."

How good God has been to this man, to "justify his hopes in MOST EVERY case." Even though he only trusts Him after the Psychologists pass on the invalids: (and get their fees) even though he only can rely on Him in cases of "nervous afflictions and broken health," limiting his own powers to simple cures, but asking for no MIRACLE to PROVE to the world that God IS STILL ON THE JOB as when Jesus lived, and "ASK HIM BELIEVING."

Where are the men of God today doing greater things than He, as He promised they should do? Why aren't they doing things as great as He did? WHY? Because there are asses braying everywhere like this one: and his kind who sit in conference to "revise the ten commandments", God's words, heard by His Prophet, written on the stone, constituting His Laws, taught by His Son as "all that is needful to inherit eternal life," are less wise than Wisdom, ay, less wise than *they*, do they think? Fools who tread where angels fear.

"Oh ye of little faith" How long must I suffer you "perverse generation." The last word? AY, and the FIRST. Spiritual healing: miracles of Spirit: "but with God *all* things are possible."

Suppose the Ministers, Rectors, Priests, should be made to prove to the doubters and unbelievers, the scoffers, that THEY possess the power of God, to heal, to cast out demons, to "remove mountains", to cleanse lepers, "to still the waves", to feed the multitudes—with scanty preparation, but reliance on Provision: to walk on the waters: to prophesy coming events as Jesus told of His coming crucifixion, and even His entry into the City on an ass: to raise from the dead, verily He did this, too, many times? I see a scattering of rattled brains should they rely on manna, and that be forthcoming through their faithless prayers and their idle tongues.

Yet, how have I been mistreated by some of them, the clergy, as I went prepared to PROVE all that I claimed, met with a raised forefinger, lest something be revealed of themselves, no doubt. Worse than disinterested, aligned on the side of haters, some of these, bristling with malice from the rostrum where their vile tongues spit venom against the spirits of God, Himself, saved, in each one, to do His will, *whatever* that is.

I call for proof of their Divinity.

What claim have these to be servants of the Master I serve with my soul? Perform some miracle before the eyes of men to prove your worth in His household. Then if you fail, take off your shoes, and bow yourselves in sackcloth and let the ashes of your past redeem you, as here I stand reformed by Her who has proved throughout time *I am* here.

Immortal as God left my soul to become, and see my past, so every one of these, God's tools, must revise themselves, in order to do His works, His wondrous miracles perform.

I spare no one who wears a cassock. Let me see what you can do who have followed in His steps. My work is finished. Yours is now begun. Rant and snarl, bellow and spit, revile, rear and leap, pull and dismember, then "Come and See." This is MY challenge to pulpit orators: to every one who opens God's Book on any stage lacking a pulpit of his own, invading my boards to defile my cause of Justice, the lowly Nazarene came, suffered, died, to prove.

Let us see you begin. All men of God, wearing His order, in fellowship with Him as ye claim, show us YOUR works in which God has a hand. Superlative Wisdom, Who at His word changes chemicals, balances spheres, adds or subtracts the days of so-called "life's span", encloses the lily-cup until His Own unfoldment: performs His Almighty feats of Reason, Cause: maintains His laboratory without the knowledge or the help of scientific gurgling: keeps His secrets until He chooses to reveal them to the seeker; adjusts the balance at life's close to suit His Law.

But if you fail to prove you are His servant by the works you can perform to glorify His Holy Name, I tell you He is able to perform in You the wonder of His Word. To change your heart: to purify your soul: to cleanse your body, too: adjust your mental poise, and keep you poised: the result is His, the chance is *yours*.

PAUSE. Can you look Him in the eyes? Should your Master, *and* mine, come here this very hour, would your cloak be fit to hide the scars disfiguring your soul you have acclaimed from the Spire's point as belonging TO Him? Are you prepared to ask the humble Nazarene to sup with You this hour? Where IS your table spread for Him? Where ARE His followers performing at His word, through prayer, a single miracle fit to be heralded *as* His: since none *could* do the work He did *without* His Father's help.

Proof—proof is all I ask from spirit where I see, hear, smell, stride, as ever.

Where shall your head rest if *not* on His bosom? Have you tried to think of Perfection's plan for souls, spirits, ay, the same.

Pause. Have done with hypocrisy. The lepers are here in spirit *and* body, reviling the man who *could* have saved them had they *been* His physicians as they claimed, and were empowered to practice.

To lead the world of doubters I mention Thomas here. For he will do. He had to see to be converted, albeit all could grasp the truth *but* he.

O doubting hearts, and poor disciples, where are YOUR works of God, I ask from spirit, through a mortal's hearing, a

miracle at last, with God's help it must be, since none have performed for Him a spirit-work undying, for souls in bodies.

My door is proof of spirit power. I hold the key. Come hither, one and all, men of the cloth. Then sit in ashes if the light I carry forth for such as you be called a smudge. Beware then lest it set you all afire who care not if souls live without their bodies, cognizant, able to perform as I, surviving and preserving every sin as well as grace, as spoil or profit through enduring Time.

Pause. Hear. Hold. And then away to serve anew a new-found God, a new heart in your hide-bound spirits, aye: with hearts as when the fireside glitter danced for them at Yuletide: Godtide yet.

Shakespeare, who in his body loved the world, and whom that world reveres today.

"NEITHER DO I TELL YOU BY WHAT AUTHORITY
I DO THESE THINGS." (Jesus of Nazareth)

The centuries swing past and eternal time has only started. The world discerns a few small enigmas, proves a few, mayhap, yet God holds the balance, as He adjusts each allotment of days, and man fades as the grass of the field, and is harvested.

For what purpose, you may ask, if you care. Or, careless whither you fare perhaps you do not even so surmise, or *put* the question to yourselves at all.

We know, who speak, where you shall soon know, too, the result of ignorance, or too little knowledge, or too much idolatry, or being a wise fool, too educated and refined to PRAY, trust in God's mercy to adjust your superior scales, since you must be His especial care, knowing as you do the heaven's stars, computing a few laws, unraveling a few mysteries—superior you cannot help thinking your mind, then, no doubt.

You grieve at a dear one's departure. He grieves to leave you. The door opens, closes. You continue to grieve: and what becomes of the dear one who is "gone," as *you* say

Or let us put it down to *sublime* understanding: God's im-

mutable law of life *including* departure, "His will be done:" "Adieu," "Rest in peace:"

A wreath or two, some tender plants—and this one so dear ceases to draw from his own flesh and blood in a single instance verily, continuing sorrow, or interest, except of the skeptic, as to ghosts who walk at midnight in the fall, a day for saints to wake, or turn in their sleep.

Now Jesus taught His way. He saw His Father Who gave Him, as well as proved to James and John, as Peter, He conversed with departed souls. Commending that the visit be kept inviolate so long as He remained lest mercenary souls spit forth their wrath at this claim he could see and speak with those gone out of their physical bodies.

The Lord's disciples questioned Him often on this mighty subject, still Jesus counseled them to keep quiet and "tell no man what ye have seen until I pass hence."

Why? Do you ever try to surmise what must have been in the Heart of the Nazarene? He was wise. He knew all things. He was their Teacher. They had a right to know. Then why should you think He kept His Father's secret? It was never told. He ascended Calvary alone, except for the accompanying spirits, God chose to attend Him then, and "died," escaped rather, His victory over the old body, carrying with Him the secret of new life beyond the tomb.

Grief-stricken women mourned, and He comforted them only as He chose, divining the impossibility of their being able to comprehend the secrets He alone witnessed or experienced.

They cast lots for His robe as He stood by cleared of mortal's eyesight: He discovered the faithful by seeing into their hearts (a thing spirits do to this day, let me add) (with sorrow, too. Oh, yes) knew what they were thinking, planning—and gave no sign He was there witnessing all this, and more, until His Father's Will was done "the time fulfilled," when He uncovered the eyes of a few men to whom He revealed Himself in spirit-form before He ascended to His Father.

He came, He went, the way of all flesh: but only a few among fisher-folk realized the supreme event to be one of joy: a casting aside the old robe, losing a shackle, rising from old wounds, pains, haunts, disorders, equivocations—to peace and rest and glory, sharing that Love Who gave Him to be

spat upon, reviled, hung upon a tree, pierced in ignominy by the slaves of cowardice, malice, sin.

His miracle alone remained. He had feasted and shared the cup, breaking bread often with His trustworthy followers. At His Mother's request, at the wedding-feast when the wine was short, He had no formula, no drugs, but took clear, sparkling water and made of it grape, fermented into wine: all in the space of a few minutes' time, He pushed aside God's immutable law of chemistry and made what God suffered Him to make that was needed for the occasion of a feast. His enemies cursed Him for this. How should He do what others could NOT accomplish either through formula or with time, unaided by a particle of matter, mind. His WORD, alone, performed this miracle.

He tossed aside the money-changers at the Temple door: a Herculean wonder, unaided by man. A boy, a stripling—aided by the UNseen!

How times HAVE changed. We wish to do these things for ourselves, we who attend on living bodies. Shall we need to reveal how we do our work before man will believe in God and His wonders? It looks so today.

To sum up now. Since time has lapsed through nineteen centuries and no one gives the Creator credit for being able to conceal His spirits, and reveal them as well if He chooses to—to work a miracle of His very Own without an apology to His creatures, it would seem there IS a hand at the driving wheel, cognizant, All-powerful, drawing men closer each day to His bosom, that they shall revere Him *and* His plans, which He made FOR them, kept secret while He watched their idolatrous wickedness, and stepped aside to permit of revelation when He chose to break their human wills.

Divinity parleys no excuse. God invites your trust in Him, gives laws, which if you break you suffer the extreme penalty FOR breaking, and ignores you if you spurn His plan, make light of His purpose, or walk in darkness, where *His* path does NOT lead.

You love and *are* loved. Supreme as God's eternal wisdom as you love the Creator He values your failures more than the idolator's success. You revere your temple because it *is* His and you will find the yearning for His purity will bring

you close to His Infinite breast. You are a nature lover and mock Him, expostulating devious crooked surmises of germ-life and infinitude of development, in place of His creative energy—you will pay, a long term in silence where Nature looks you in the face Whom you gave no reverence but haphazard spawning! Break His laws made for guidance, still the waking conscience, reverence nobody but those mortal shapes you can visualize, worship, love, use, defame, outstrip—but pay for un-wisdom where the space of God's vision is illimitable.

Mounds are graveyards, hiding the flesh-clothes of spirit-forms, now free from shackles, and wise with a mite of that power they behold in their own saved shape, which shall endure beyond time's computation.

Bow down and worship. Fill up your heart while you may. Store your mind with wisdom which IS eternal. Worship beauty as the Master Artist creates it without brush or pencil, but with His will, as He made you, and all formation whatever, then, in your mirrored atom-mind see His reflection; if you can get near enough, you are His own and He is yours though you never comprehend His wisdom or wonders or love: He is your Father, and He suffers you to live beyond the clay He fashioned, and its zephyrlike breath (His wonders all), and you, however ungrateful, are His child.

Oh, poor children of the world of earth: look up: make haste to do His will and NOT yours, that He may come and find His kingdom come, where He is trusted and all His plans are His, and Wisdom's.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

QUESTION ANSWERED BY SHAKESPEARE'S SPIRIT

Question by James M. Peebles, M. D., A. M., Ph. D., Los Angeles, Cal.:

(a) When under proper conditions, will you ask Shakespeare's present views of marriage, and spiritual matehood in

the spheres and zones of those realms in which he resides, for Heaven is both a *place* and a *condition*. "In My Father's House," said the Master Christ, "are many mansions," spheres and departments, and intelligent and experienced spirits *only* can properly describe them."

July 14th, 1920.

Answer:

Now, to begin with, Dr. Peebles knows this himself. He is mated spiritually, has been for half a century or so.

We carry here no proof of divine love which is worthy of mateship with Divinity Himself.

That is all needful in my zone and all zones wherever I found myself, the part left, to ruminate on Love's part I failed to play.

Our desires change with the change of bodies. Our mental states exist as usual. Our beings are natural, having cravings, which ARE only mental, let me say, until (unless) absolved in higher states than any I have known since I left my old dust away back in the Elizabethan era.

To all who claim a century's time passeth quickly as the yearly calendar, I say who write through her, BEWARE OF FALSE prophets.

My time I spent without light was slow dragging, nor the wing of a moth would singe by any light I found through that long time of repentance.

Given to lust I craved lust until I chose to rise, and called in Justices' name to be relieved from sin's curses and experiences which still scald the spirit after the flesh is no more.

I propound a theory which is mine. By what right may I pass this on to others?

Over my head are realms, perhaps eternal as God, for all I can see, these swing on high above our present knowledge, and who utters their fathomed secrets brands himself. As God is God, I know not more as spirit than as individual regarding the creation or His plans, except the part I move be boneless and my breathing exchanged for my spirit form.

To set to music His Divine principles would I give my soul this day. To expound His justice, mercy, I found past breath, but must still work out my part in these regardless of all I

WOULD master of His knowledge for earth men having bodies, souls in cases, we say where I stand.

No workers have the right to expound imaginary proof of the Maker's riddles. These work harm. Disappointment, disillusion awaits all who come hence.

Now we mate as souls 'tis true, some on one plane having the physical case enveloping their soul, while we reach the inner part and claim it ours, seeing beyond the clay we reach INSIDE for its kernel, find our REAL counterpart, that which through universal time we may claim, unite with, for service, In His Name. This is a soul's part hereon. While I weave at webs and fairy fabrics at times, I do not balance His spheres, nor comprehend HIM in the least, I say who speak, knowing at last He gave me His ETERNAL SPARK and His eternal time through which to praise Him here in the SAME sphere, a strange admixture of His souls looking on our efforts much the same as while we were dust only, all sneeringly, else lauding in praise our best.

Lives there a soul so insignificant this hour who claims to discover realms BEYOND my sphere, lead him outside before my curtain, that I may stamp on his visage FRAUD.

We wait TO know of spheres "beyond" our vale of sorrows, our SAME vale, ay.

No change alters this inviolate truth. No man comes hence and skips over our heads to a place of profitable hours. He serves his time, as I do (pardon, many more would serve as I who cannot make the connection, rarely found complete).

YOU may not serve so long a time as I have served. But to my knowledge, painstaking, sincere, we can expound no pretence, we who know.

Our lives do not end with the mortal's coil, not await any judgment hour, nor blast from trumpeter. Only we souls wait upon Him, and wait and are still waiting His time, ineffably sweet, Oh Maker of spheres aswing, alight, attune, when we MAY rise, or be fit to share Thy secrets through the time Thou alone couldst conceive, create, plan FOR Thy children.

No bond severs or unites except the bond of Love, His Own bond.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

REASON

Intelligence, the mind of God,
He gave each son whom He gave breath.
Part of Himself reflected then,
The spirit, changeless past all "death",
Past all decay, or change of time,
Past each denial His sons aver.
Uncovered IS His mind, at last;
His reason, none here know, deter.
A spirit speaks, erstwhile a man,
Who reason finds to worship God.
As well to warn, where'er he can,
Ye'll seek, ay, reason, past the sod,
Past breath, ye'll turn and twist with sense,
To make you fit at recompense.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

WHILE WISDOM WAITS

We learn who come out hence His ways ARE wise.
His toll He takes of every doubter's soul.
Our hearts must give Him all, all undefiled,
Where love IS Wisdom, perfect is the whole.
He waits to claim us, then, where is His home.
Mayhap He watches us, who build and break.
We know, who know there IS a God at last,
His plans no trespasser may alter, or, forsake.
We KNOW who find our spirits planned of God
To live, to work, ay, serve Him PAST "the end",
He WAS all-wise, all-knowing, just, severe,
Who saved His part, each spirit MIGHT amend.
We wait on Him the while He awaits us:
We struggle past your minds to comprehend.
If ye would be above the one who speaks,
Must ye seek, love, and serve Him ere you "end".



Shakespeare's Spirit.

HIS VERITIES

The heavens allure the while men scoff His Name.
The earth's sweet fragrance lures the opening bud,
While rocks are plied, His secrets to unfold:
While man blasphemes the very God of God.
His time, His sacred space, His joys,
Are overlapped in Wisdom's blessed good,
And yet men scoff who only do Him harm:
Still is the God of life itself misunderstood.



E. Barrett Browning.

August 21st. 2:30 A. M.

THE SOUL'S SONG

Words for Music

I KNOW there is Life abundant;
I know there *IS* Love, for *all*.
Never a doubt assaileth:
NEVER, a faithless call!

I, KNOW, the God of the sunsets,
The One Who has swung the spheres,
Creates His hope undying,
Rewards repentance, tears.

I shall feel the throb of His heartbeat
In the bosom of His earth.
I shall hear His silence calling—ME,
In the land of His new-birth!

And the dawn will burst fulfilling
His new, All-perfect day,
When all shall love their Father's Name,
And walk, The Father's way.



W. S. in Spirit.

BEYOND THE VEIL

Sonnet.

Thin air divides the portals of His house,
All one, but for the non-transparent screen.
To "lift aside" the current which divides,
Must, who come forth, then, ever, stand, between.
No ruthless hand may part the curtain so;
A nondescript must pause ere he begin.
A subdividing wrongs the elements,
Thin air is ruptured, constituting sin.
To break a law as I have, to this woman,
To push her headlong into spirit work,
Must I repay, oft do, as I meet here derision:
My methods are the methods of no shirk.
I stand, we speak, I leave on guard a page:
And ever must the while I stir away.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

MY FAVORITE FORM

W. S. in Spirit.

Sonnet.

Towering o'er all is man's conceit.
Vain in his efforts, lacking in his skill.
To deck his pockets, feast his craving parts,
Compounds the utmost product of his will.
He lives, he "dies"—to plume himself no more.
He gives to God the rotting carcass' core,
And rushes headlong to the Judgment seat,
Entirely confident he is of the elect,
Who burdens now himself, in his conceit.
He murmurs at the judgment which he found.
He GAVE naught, FOUND naught, barely found himself,
So small an atom of a soul is he,
He wonders at the microscopic pelf,
And blames a universe for what he came to be.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

As the dew of the morn on the tassels of corn
Are tears of the saints who traverse earth still.
Nor homeless the corn, nor homeless are they
Who have all He gave, but requesting HIS will.
As the thistle is scattered, thus wafted are we.
If nurtured, we nestle, as seed to the earth.
Some throw out a flower, as here thus I try,
To warn those in bodies, there *IS* a new birth.
By the wayside we rest, content in our best;
Doing all here assigned, and doing this well.
Should *YOU* reach out from spirit to pen as I pen,
First will you have served in a pen *WE* call "hell".



Shakespeare's Spirit.

SAYINGS OF W. S. IN SPIRIT

"Each man *HAS* a better self, and each man *IS* himself, at last."

"We live to teach, who do not live to preach. Adjustments are met when due, here."

"Ultimately, we learn, whether we have passed through college doors or knew our arithmetic when landing. Our standards include knowledge obtained from fools."

"Have done with folly. It coerces thee after the flesh is left—is thy master for a time, at least."

"To begin is to end. At least I have found it true."

"Men in cloth wearing heavy crosses of gold about your pauperized necks, rise up this day, and look up, to the One Who had *NO* gold *BUT* a cross of wood. Scourged was He to carry the same to His murder." (Crucifixion: they will not print the other, Sarah. It is too plain.—W. S. in Spirit.)

"Catholics and Protestants, alike His sons, or children, how will ye revile the time lost in serving Him *NOT*, taking ounce for ounce, word for word, cawing like crows over cornfields, who would police the heavens 'till the crop is no more."

"Little seeds any man can plant. A plant will rise from one

infinitesimally small. It is not the seed counting here where I stand, but the harvest from the plant, which reared was to bear other seeds, still to be planted."

"A cycle of time is the wheel of God. Never halting in a fraction even, it rolls along the ages, upholding His chariot, Himself no doubt."

"He speaks and is heard though His silence is unbroken. The Infinite voice HAS replied to every spirit clothed in His image."

"*HE* sees. Sees thee. It IS true, friends. There is a God beholding even His sinful ones: paupers, but His."

"I wish I possessed a carriage to draw thee, Sarah. I would harness myself to its tree. Still must we tramp awhile, I fear me."

"The law of attraction must INCLUDE God. He IS mind. Should the Great Mind not attract His spark? Then can the spark (final) attract Him?"



Shakespeare's Spirit.

OUR WEDDED SELVES

Where mirrors are the pools in meadows, some silent spring,
We do not groom the erstwhile vanities.
Having no plumes to set, but labors waiting,
We look ALOFT that we may see HIS face,
NOT ours, for which we made great sacrifice.

We HAVE a part which longs to labor, too.
Since mind reserved IS the part of Him
He gave TO work, both with His will and purpose,
And FOR His cause to complete HIS effect.

We need to GIVE, when we have come to spirit;
Since we reflect the Giver, 'tis His plan,
To TAKE the part He spun (it IS His bobbin)
And lay it down, a woof, a shadow, *man*.

We cry to make one more attempt at weaving,
Wherein, perfected, threads of His MAY lie;
But when the garment sluffs we had appended,
Our chance is done; WE know what means to "die."

To find a loom, machine, then, all perfected
To TAKE a yarn and spin it, as *I* do,

May YOU grind, cut, ay polish to perfection,
Before YOU work as here *I* weave FOR you.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

TO ONE I WILL NAME LATER:

If worlds on high (the stars, of course)
Have swung around, nor changed through time,
Nor failed TO swing, though men have sought
To fling them down, still they're sublime,
And all therein His secrets, too,
(I make this, dear, a note to You)
What has He given all unsought,
All priceless, which but One has bought,
That we who live in just one sphere
Might know, revere, and love Him here,
And speak as spirit, yet be heard,
As here He heard His Father's word.
Perchance He gave this work to do,
That Shakespeare's past be writ through you.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

Sonnet

When "death" hath laid us by, still we live on.
No courier we send back for a cloak.
We land intemperate beasts, here are beasts still;
And so with beasts must we still wear the yoke.
We work, nor ever rest, where we are loss:
No gain; no profit, ever doth accrue:
Our hearts laid bare of every subterfuge,
No "death" unites the false ones with the true.
We kneel at first encumbered by our woes;
We sit, or stand, or wander, evermore:
And every mortal has a spirit guest,
A beggar, prophet, saint, outside his door.
Our sins, then, are the chains we cannot break.
We know, alas, the woes that sinners make.



Written for the woman who mended for me in words my
wasted span and brought me forth a song of praise at last.

Yours in service,

Shakespeare's Spirit.

My royal seal hereon.
Her hand, of course.

I THANK THEE FOR MAKING THE ROSE

Song

Father, I thank Thee for making the rose.
Each petal IS Thine, every copyist knows!
Each rose is Thy secret: its fragrance divine,
Whose heart Thou divinest, as each heart of Thine.

O God of the rose! Whose essence complete
Is wafted in mercy from Thy judgment seat,
Distilling within a river that flows
From the heart back to Thee,
Who gave us the rose!

Father, I thank Thee for making the rose.
Unfolding Thy plan, as its petals disclose.
Upholding Thy promise in each closed stem,
If trusting Thee, Father, we touch but the hem.

A part of Thee reaches wherever Thou art.
In the rose, or its dew-drop, the mind or the heart.
O Wisdom! Our Father. Where each zephyr blows!
I thank Thee, I thank Thee, for making the rose.



Shakespeare in Spirit.

A SPIRIT'S RECORD

Avaunt! The record kept, I go.
I'll speak no more; no matter what is claimed.
My work for man has now come to an end.
A trumpet-bearer, one who was ill-famed,
I came to bear a torch their lives to mend,
Their souls to save, their hearts restore, and claim.
'This I who speak and use my honored name
To save men woe who think to cheat the God
Who gave them birth and breath, and takes
The remnant which is His, the soul, spared by His hand
To everlasting glory, or a hell made by each man
Who fails to do Him justice in his shell.
Who weaves His Laws as nothing sacred spun
About his rotting, putrid, defamer's flesh,
Expecting at the close a welcoming
From the Almighty's outstretched palms.

O woe all may find here as I
Who came my past thus to undo.
Men's pasts all reek with shame. Some more, some less.
To undo which, did they know, as I have told
My wrongs, and heed my words,
Mayhap they'll mend and be in God's eternal time as pure
As here I stand this hour complete
Through service In His Name.
My sufferings keen are not without His purpose.
His plans are wise. And He is but Divine.
Then hawk my book, and spit upon its leaves,
And turn and twist those phrases oft
As your unsullied hands may search
To find my trademark therein writ.
But shallow as your purpose is,
Will God's divining be.
The One Who sees your inmost heart,
Whose eye beholds the motives of men's minds,
And all behind the ogres foul and made
That men are but usurpers of His plans.

Go to! Your records kept shall smile to greet you there,
Else their vile fumes offend your nostrils,
Where IS Purity sublime.
Your record kept IS pure or vile.
A man is wrought with passions and is a slave
To his base self the while he serves
The god of lust, his mind a cess pool,
His liver a stink-pond of slime
To which he has been bound by gorgeous feasts.
Awhile, and he must rest to come forth whole.
I know. I paid my ransom every tithe,
Who pay, and still owe, too.
If payment be then here deferred make answer.
I claim those foul in lust will, pay as I.
Nor is any escape possible.
No slipping under the bars, nor sailing by privilege, here.
Each soul becomes the worst he was through Time.
There is divertisement: some joys: more pain.
But there is not one soul befouled to reach His eyes

While the taint of shame pervades his shade.
That shade am I who speak to warn all men of every land.
I came my past to obliterate that I, too, may pass on, and in,
If such a place awaits my soul all humbled thorough and
through.

Your records kept may smile into your eyes.
There IS a hand all-clean in God's all-perfect skies.
The seas are rough and high which souls must cross.
Be warned, I pray, as here I plead
With my soul's very tears this day
Remote from mine of flesh and bones.
My scarlet robe no more a traitor holds.
Nor for a kingdom and its king
Would I befoul my speech or tongue.
My will is then to do His will.
My mind is purged to serve the Best.
My past is rent and I come forth
To serve The King as is His plan
Who did create a soul in man
And gave that spark His light and mind,
And sent it forth to seek and find.
My past is writ. My soul is clean
Who told the past, all that was mean
Which shamed my soul, which brought me here
At His behest, a foul Shakespeare.
To finish for His Name of praise
A work recording a soul's days.

Avaunt dissemblers, every man,
Who spumes deceit, and thinks he can
Reville a soul who has made plain
His efforts bring not spirit gain.
A work of God for God's ye rue?
Then traitor Judas are ye too.
I go who came. You'll come as I:
All vagrants are in spirit-sky.
Ye'll wander many, many days
Before *you* work such work of praise.

Adieu, sweet world! I love thee still.
But more, I love to work His will.
Apast the spheres, His, all attune,
The works He made, stars, sun and moon,
Does He reserve the part He made
Undying as a spirit, shade,
To claim for Him, O men of dust,
A work of power, and might, and trust.
Revere His work. And work His will.
Nor pause, lest empty, He may fill
The eternal Time, His to bestow,
With failure's record, WHEN ye go.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

A SOUL'S DEFEAT

To work a miracle I came.
In trust I work in Jesus' Name.
Pause, then, and hear my warning writ
In my soul's tears, to make men fit
To share His lot, to speak His Name.
Here, then, record a mortal's fame
Who must his past blot out ere he
Can set his prow where God's Own be.

To do, and Undo, all I thought:
To make clean souls here, as I ought,
Who cared too little in my frame
What I did speak to fit my name
With laurels o'er: nor jeweled crown
E'er envied I in London Town.

To smile, and win a king's applause,
Nor rid my soul of viper's claws,
I thirsted oft, yet held the cup
Filled by the One Who lifts souls up.
A parley with my fellows, aye,
And I had flung my soul away.

Then is this sheaf to save all here
Eternal pain as their Shakespeare,
Who knows not yet if any span
Can bridge his crime (he loved a man)
And by His Holy spheres aswing
I care not what men claim I sing,
But what is writ to save my soul:
To make me fit: to lift me whole.

You smirk and jeer, you foolish imps,
And trip your toes, you fops and pimps,
Regardless of THE SOUL INSIDE,
Who is YOUR EQUAL, naught beside?
Then take this torch I light and go.
From my foul lips ye then shall know
The truth God holds, swung by this light,
Can save you from a sinner's plight.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

TO TORCH-BEARERS:

[From Shakespeare who loves their world: who resides near it, as well as in the same: who gives all in the hope a light of God may shine in memory past the bier of one who spoke of tapers in his earth-case, who carries a faint ray in his breast that his little light may carry to benighted earthones their first hope, maybe.—Shakespeare's Spirit.]

Pause.

I am a soul. A spirit.
My name on every tongue.
A round of curses on the one
Who claims I am not he
Who gave my plays for all of time
To players and mankind.

I am a soul.
My fame—pouf! (a smile)
My harness chafes me at the neck and thighs.
I would I were a man as when
The world I trod and strutted
To please my sovereigns,
Earn a little competence
To life a burden I had carried long.

No part I play
Where now I stand revealed
As the king's fool.
My name is still mine own.
And all I wove in it that is to be immortal, mine.

There is a boat
Tied, moored this day on yonder bank
With sails all set
Awaiting some fair tomorrow
(Perhaps fair, I cannot say)
When you who smile and read
What here I say
Shall ride the sea all swelled and high,
Arriving home.
Ay, aye.

No friends on any shore
To greet you there,
Unless you gave while HERE
The same to God as they.
(Perhaps. I do not know His plan:
I cannot say: it was my fate.
My everlasting soul's despair, maybe.
I cannot say.)

A light I carry.
A smudging flare
Of burning, blazing glow,
Non-refilling, everburning,
Immortal as my name
Attached thereto.

Thus every soul yearns first
To carry back to those in foil
A saving light of warning.
A lustre, if ye heed, shall shine
Likewise for you.
If ye heed NOT,
As burning coals in fiery draft,
My soul ye may recall,
As ye, too, strive to meet your honest debt
And pay Him all, unmet and due, past due.

I can recall my frame.
Its intimacy charms me still.
Its old mantle, every fold,
Is precious as my hide.
I can recall my days.
The luxury of evil hours ;
The malice, the deceit.
Its treasures, too ; its charm ;
Its idle hours, its time well-spent
And full of ease, and profit, too.

My course was foul.
If all I can recall
Were hitched as part to part
And wound a skein of memories,
The world's orb (for all I know the world's an orb)
Would be my knitting ball.
Our memories survive past bier or clod.
To spin a yarn from these
Many do try from spirit-side.
I came to work a wonder.
To save men from themselves.
Their hideous, hide-bound selves.

My works you all have read.
All know my name.
(Abominable, say I,
From where I stand.

I have the right to claim myself undone
By what I was.
I found myself: no other, here.)

Now to the hunt!
My charger and my spear!
The swiftest footed in the stalls:
I need not name her here.
My faithful steed:
My friend: my wire:
My spirit's tool.

However fine a name I do set down
Can never spell her worth.
When ye seek from the sky
Past your old bones
For one such courier
You'll help to sum her worth,
As I do try to spell it now.
While here she claims no part her due,
I know the woman who writes here for me;
And I do ask her pardon for the time I take
To speak for her a word:
She urges me "press on."
Such is one tool, keen-edged, and fine.

I write a torch to carry.
To help men bear their burdens
Which they find, when, homeless
They reach "Home."
To those who break the lines
To tell their own they have found joy
And happiness supreme,
A word I will ply here for these poor souls
Who know the truth but lie, dissemble all,
To soothe for time the hearts all wrung through absence.
To claim no joy, still I would not:
For freedom IS a joy: a boon.
A rest, then, waits for all earth's plodders.

O weary feet of toilers,
Spent in harness at the racks,
In stocks fast bound and riven,
I tell ye all, as Shakespeare's shade,
Ye shall find rest aplenty
Wherever time flows, there,
Ye are fast-bound though free.
My words then carry ye:
FAST BOUND THOUGH FREE.

I am a soul.
Then am I fit to speak on what a soul doth find
Who leaves his clay, a searcher of God's fields
Allotted spirit?
Free from the dust and grime
For all of time,
Or one with it:
This choice belongs to every man,
At last he IS a soul.
And BUT a soul, at last.

No fancy need be drawn upon
Far fetched.
Ignite the torch, I pray.
Strike up a light,
To make men pray:
To kneel. To seek to know.
Their's is their own:
The lock is burglar proof:
One holds the key:
Emits the soul-shape from the clay:

Turns out the light,
Snuffs the waxen taper
Men call breath,
While he beholds what he alone doth fashion from the clay.
A soul: a part of God: of Wisdom.
Of His plan.
Clean or foul, ay, His at last:
All souls ARE saved.

I deem it worth the time while here
To call a halt on reeking minds
Besmattered, stained, unwise,
Who do proclaim from any steps
Or tower of learning
All souls emitted are NOT His.
O wonder past men's minds to grasp,
And fit to wonder at,
The spirit's everlasting claim on life.
The form you lay aside as dust
To generations may be claimed as food:
Still *you* live on.

No matter where your realm allotted
Your soul's shape,
YOU LIVE. Nor can you die.
Nor change one iota of your being.
Being a shade all conscious
With no dust to travail,
How have you worn your mantle of the King?
The Giver's robe.
Is it befouled with dust,
Bespotted, raveled, torn, shot-through
With riots, rapiers, knives,
Wizard's shears,
Twisted, all askew, in hideous shape—
His past is thereon writ,
Engraved, cut out,
Branded, seared.

Where is the harlot's past all hidden here?
The knave, thief? Beggars all.
While hearts are worn upon the ungloved hands
That tell their human tale,
Their miseries set forth.

To sleep! O men, to sleep.
To roll back to the eternal shores of oblivion,
And spare the web of reason one cycle of memory.
Such every spirit ever I saw

But yearns he might once more
By Him be blest with time, a span at least,
Through which he might forget his past
In sleep.
My soul's tears fall while here I write.
I would rehearse the future for all men,
To spare them woe: my lot: I cannot die;
Nor sleep God's time away.
But in the eternal sum of His creation
Must I aweared, heavy-lidded, see
For all I know, my choice unhidden:
My part ill-played.
No creature's past is hidden.
Foul or fair, his sum is his accounting.
If my words can spare a soul
Such fate as here I witness every hour on earth,
Though spirit-frame with spirits I inhabit,
Or, can they mend the rents of rags
In souls like mine, abeggared as I came,
To One I claimed I served,
Nor thought I could inherit
A fool's past,
I, who served a king, a royal pair?

To spit upon these lines is now my habit:
So foul a traitor I.
My lines of lust, giving lustful habit,
Immortalizing kings, all traitors, everyone, bar none,
While God and His Immortal Son
Who held my heart's blood in His sacred chalice
While He bled and suffered, scorned, paid in full,
That I a Kingdom MIGHT inherit
Fit FOR a King, and His.

O shame. My wicked time I lost.
Each tick of time my soul I bartered
For the vomit of the world!

O God. If here with eyes and Heart You do inhabit,
Seeing, knowing, claim me, crucified.

Behold I walk at night among the lowly,
Easing their care: through filth and waywardness
Lifting a cross from burdened shoulders
Along the way You trod
As with Thy Son's beloved flesh He tarried
To save men's souls for Thee.
Wipe out disgrace, and for all illicit yearning.
And fill the sepulchrous bodies
With clean souls,
I pray with my unceasing and imploring spirit.
And bless Thou me. Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

This is the end. Another book I close,
With all my past re-writ, for One Who knows.
Withered and stale, these leaves I have outgrown,
Recording naught in life's book God would own.
Love, Might Eternal, hear my spirit-plea!
Thirsting, I sought that love to bring to Thee
Out of my wrecked life, forth from soul misery.
Blot from the record of Thy firmament
All my soul's erring! Heartsore and spent
Mark Thou the price I pay. Restore, make whole
With Thy all-cleansing fire, Shakespeare's poor soul.
O may these spring anew in Holy soil,
Words writ by spirit, through stress and toil,
Replacing for my God those of lust and moil.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD"

For Spiritualists

As I stand here cognizant, able to perform, in mind, AND
body, as I now declare THAT I am, being, as He intends, my-
self, knowing, as I do know, He has altered nothing in MY
being at least, when the old carcass of flesh and bones is, must

be, turned to dust in old Stratford-on-Avon; where *is* that immortalized headstone having my own words thereon, still revered warning, having completed for mortals in cases of flesh a second book of warning, out of my pate, my same heart, to give them a lift into GOD'S immortality, as I would I had been lifted myself, I feel aged for the first time in many centuries, many centuries *I said*. Time's wheel rolls slowly, to those punished at least.

Have I so changed, I ask myself, that I do revere the Holy parts alone. The thinking, worshipper: the praise-singer: the humble elect of His Own, few, BUT His, where found here, too.

It is no use to claim the living unless you are among them. Useless to bury those beside you, His plan omits that. Only the dead think of theirs in cemeteries now. The living dead walk, see, speak, hear, and find here among the few adjusted ones, their voices can prove this which I claim FOR them hereon. Have proved to all. We Live! Shout it! Declaim it. Go where we CAN prove it. Then join the living that can never die. Live WITH them, permit them to share you and your house and your joys, as well as your sorrows to aid in bearing. For the family is all one: and the many mansions of His House are not thrown open to His erring children until the Father wills it, and HIS DESERVE to share His withholden blessings.

Then the dead are everywhere the living are? Certainly. And they live BECAUSE God, the Maker of the soul, spirit, as well as the precious body, has WILLED it so.

But did you not *know* of this?

Where have you been?

Alive, ye say ye are, still have not found Him for whom the Almighty Father of All came down from heaven Himself and was made man that ye SHOULD know this truth?

Then HAVE ye BEEN dead, verily.

Neither deaf nor blind but have seen Him, heard Him, know Him and His reasons for permitting His Son He loved to die upon the cross that He MIGHT appear in that body of His like UNTO Him: Spirit, Holy, Maker of my soul.

What claim can ye make of ignorance when His spirit stands living beside your FRAME, that ye loved so it came BEFORE

your God? Heathens are in FOREIGN lands, where missionaries go at great risk as well as expenditures of monies to save the ones who were not privileged to know OF Him. But you, you were born a Christian, ye claim. A Christ-ian? Who know HIM NOT, *nor* His plan FOR you? How will ye meet Him face to face?

What claim HAVE ye: for I would hear a Christian speak. Dead! The dead speak not, hear not, see not anything. Dirges speak for them here, oh friend of callous heart; pulseless, still living; buried with the Lifeless ones, while the God Who Is Life, that He alone giveth, and taketh, looks on, ay, on YOU, who ARE His child, whom He loves with a FATHER'S love, and care, tenderness, and provision.

And you thought you COULD die, after Jesus came and died FOR you to prove otherwise? He rose from the dead on the third day, walked by the side of her who mourned for him, spoke to her, disappeared, to meet His Own disciples in that room of sorrows where they had supped WITH Him as one of His. He foresaw WOULD betray Him dipped into the dish beside Him at that sacred board? Showing to the doubter (more blest than ye, more WORTHY than the ones alive who care not if they die), those spiked hands, the same hands!

Heard ye not at all OF Him? Then, "come and see". See if He died for naught, come with me. He lived to PROVE that none COULD die. He died to prove that all must live, because it IS His Father's will, and plan.

Oh, it is marvelous, but it IS true. Jesus lives!

Do you care?

Have you, who bury your dead and place flowers there upon their dust no WISH to speak with their living souls? Their spirits? He spoke to His Father's in spirit. Oh comfort of God, that He COULD speak with the living souls on that mount of olives, where the Father's words were His words: and the will of God was His Own will.

The Master taught His disciples to work as He worked: to see as He saw: to perform miracles as He performed cures: and when He left, He left His sacred Word, His promise, that those who followed after Him should do greater things than He had ever done.

He is ready to keep that promise to YOU. NOW. But you must know Him *the God of the living*. You must take HIM at His *word*.

Believing on Him, relying on Him, receiving His miracle as for YOU: that ye MIGHT live: that ye should not die, nor live among the dead souls in living bodies, but accepting Him as the living GOD, within, and without you, that ye will turn your face to His Light, His Son, SENT to lighten the darkness of such minds as *your mind: dead*.

He can even raise the dead! This miracle has He performed for souls, as well as bodies. Then, if ye live and breathe, and HAVE a soul He made, acclaim Him AND His plans, All-wise, and from this time henceforth ye, too, shall live, accompanied *by* the souls of His who live, *have* NOT died, and *cannot* die.

"LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD": and, as they weep with unseeing eyes, uncaring hearts, unopened minds, be YE comforted *by* the Comforter, sent by the Holy Spirit, Who made souls IN bodies, deathless.

Father of Life, eternal God, bless every soul alive. Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE. GO, AND SIN NO MORE." Jesus.

Our hearts suffer here. We who did *not* do His bidding.

We yearn to restore our lost talent. To save others from our fate.

Years past, when I lived in idleness, luxury, ease of a gentleman, praised, acclaimed, there was little time with rehearsing for church attendance. Play held the boards at night, and days were given over to play making, scoring, and the like. We dined in haste then in order to make a king's ransom sure. Little did we think of hours apart from play for reverence, devotion to His services; for as I have said, we found no time to set apart from our chosen work for a king and his.

We do pause now. Years have brought the change inevitable to us here. A Kingdom lost for a king's ransom. The one chance to praise Him lost for the praises of earth's changelings. A crown denied because of our services to a crowned head instead of the One Who rules All.

But, you say, are all men alike found lacking in the great beyond? Ay, child, all MEN ARE lacking when they *find themselves* here.

Is it not possible to make a world pure as He is pure, loving as He is, until there is, should be, a *sexless* universe? Perhaps. But, it cannot be while kingdoms are tottering, rapier's billeting, goring, killing, shells tearing and whistling through the air He gave to bless every living thing He did create, and without Him nothing WAS made.

I pause. Longing to help, You, yes, YOU.

Have you a pulse, I ask? Beat, beat, trip, tripping, on, on, on, one, two, three, yes: you have. It nears the end. Of what He gave you in the beginning, His (by the way all innocent IS His, I make a plea for young ones now) what have you to give back to Him unsullied from life He did bestow? His life: His pulse: His love, His secrets of reproduction: sex: intricate knowledge of the Maker's alone till this hour.

Have you craved to serve Him in His perfection, knowing only His blessings? Are you satisfied WITH God? His perfections PLANNED by Him? IS HE Wisdom? Loving with a Father's love, and yet you are His dissatisfied one, working

unwisdom in yourself and—others you contact through a sullied IMPurity gleaned from His forbidden fruit?

How can I handle this subject through a public instrument except delicately. Then forbear at once to snicker, scorn, deride, lest you be put upon the rack as I, to plead for souls.

His creatures despoil all His. Defile Him while they do defile their temples (bodies) He made for their good pleasure, to produce from them His beauties, purities, babes of His bosom, the little children Jesus asked SHOULD be permitted To come unto Him, for OF such His Father's kingdom was made up. These reason not, care not, IF they defile Him OR themselves, or the UNborn. Bringing sorrows unto babes: innocent lambs. Where God's pure tears fall in sorrow FOR His innocents, these ARE. Under His wing, where IS no pain! No putrid father! Where ARE the pure, these rest, apart from the ones who brought them forth helpless, crippled, scabs.

Tainted men, AND women, DO ye care that your unsullied God awaits you near at hand? That ye are not fit to touch Him OR His garment? That you will make amends for all before ye look on Him ye rob, defile, blemish, with your cursed passions. Where Mothers mourn for wickedness, YE will mourn for your lost virtues, seeking afar the unfortunate children ye brought forth in curse of taint to carry rotting sores and softened bones, spoiling the Maker's marble, aye.

To BE pure is to despise IMPurity. To walk WITH God is to decry sin AND sinner.

O shame. Ye CAN reform. He CAN cure your leperous bodies, AND souls, too.

Then are ye FIT to land in HIS Paradise? His PLACE of PURITY? Ye think so, IF ye think at all. Blaming Him, as others do I hear, for natures that He gave you. Yes, He gave all that IS. His life, life-spark, IS His. Nature includes Him. But ye cannot tag Him with your vileness at all. He stands aloof from such as ye. Too far, is HIS kingdom, above YE, that ye and your kind who reject His plans, may NEVER see His Home, or, Love Himself.

Take your child's hand in yours. Sit down on His sward where are His benefits OF nature in His purity, and, His blessings abounding, everywhere. Teach this one from your soul, your UNdying part of God's, to despise soul-sickness, lust.

To crave for Purity: Him. To serve no god BUT Him: no,
not for wealth of orbs *and* spheres.

First, His Laws: then mortal's love. Sure as I am a soul, as
would I had followed where my better senses led, you may help
to regenerate His world, that His Son, blessed of God, MAY
come and take your lamb to His bosom, HERE.

O piteous times. Defaced wealth. Postponed Peace AND
Love. Hear but one prayer for Thee, and Thy pure undefiled
blessings, that these may descend into hearts and minds here
now, that Thy divisions may be purged from sin's impurities,
for Thee. Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE DROPPED STITCH

The loom was set, each stitch cast there exact. The thread
of life began.

How evenly and smooth, faultless, true, as swift the needles
rose and fell,

And worked and spun the yarn-of-time,

We scarcely knew, for all was done no sooner than begun,

The thread was finished, cut, the garment cast,

Perfected at life's loom, no doubt thought we,

Until an imperfection caught the eye,

A single thread had slipped the needle by,

And spoiled the whole, all needlessly.

It ran through all the fabric, it is true,

Completing in its wake an emptiness.

Too late. The tale is told at last.

The *thread* was fine, but careless, I.

'Twas finished. And the loom was silenced.

All was over, past.



E. B. B.

FOR TRUTH AND GOD WHO *IS* TRUE

Sonnet :

His verities *we* know, expounded here
Past "dying's" change, who KNOW Him God of All.
His truth *IS* every soul (His making, too)
Great Maker of breath's waves that rise and fall.
Supreme Authority AS Author, Wisdom, Might,
Thy truths PROCLAIM Thee, stare all out of face.
Yet creatures see Thee not. Nor care TO see.
These, blight Creation's land, His beloved place.
To harm THEMSELVES He gives each child a will,
Regardless of His wish, implied plan :
If they so choose, they dwell *without* His *grace*
Despised OF themselves, HERE, as all CAN!
HE knows no subterfuge, who played God's part,
Who CAME from, FOR Him,—suffered, for EACH man.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

"FOR IF I GO TO MY FATHER, I WILL DRAW ALL
MEN UNTO ME." Jesus.

We suppose He HAS gone. He is NOT here. He CAME to go to Him, at last His will WAS done. His REWARD, then, WAS His Father's Home, bliss, peace, love, majesty Almighty, INCLUDING His power.

We cannot conceive in spirit where I reside at present, of insufferable agony, as His Own Son's WAS, unrewarded by the One whose only Son He was. The eternal plea that life we know by "breath" was NOT all. That mortals were to consider this brief span of breathing as His probation-hour, during which, if they served His Father, God, they WOULD share His kingdom of heaven ALSO—WITH Him.

The Christ *IS* here: i. e., the spirit of love, sacrifice, unselfishness of His example. Those who know Him realize this, too. He lives in the hearts who find Him, seek Him, which is the same, if truly they DO seek, and care to HAVE Him revealed to them, He WILL come, in spirit of love, remem-

brance, what power I know not who AM a soul this hour. His power we FEEL, too: unknowing its seat, even. Above, you say. Most likely so: we trust so here. What power did He allude to in this speech of His? His Father's will. At least we so suppose. Where His will IS done, there IS power, might, All-His.

To grow in spirit we long who serve here this hour. To be His Own at that last call, since we missed Him in our lives, Oh bitter confession. A life-time in which to find Him, pay Him homage, and called hence beggared: empty vessels, containing that which usurped the place He asked for Himself, ALL He asked in fact: that we love Him first, entirely.

How HIGH is heaven, you ask of us often. God is limitless. His power is unconfined. His possibilities too innumerable great for comprehension.

Where IS His kingdom then? Here. For the present it IS all vouchsafed souls. To know more, impart more, I, Shakespeare, cannot. I do not KNOW.

Then where are mine whom I have nevet met. With Him, I suppose. Verily, yes. This is my hope. In which many share with me here as onlookers this night while we write of hopes of souls.

To share His kingdom is to share His love. His blessed Home. His grace. Bounty. Care. God grant mine own ARE there, and know Him face to face.

Shall souls profit by their course here while waiting if they serve His cause, help His kingdom to come, so that He may send His Son back to earth glorified, where His will IS done and HIS will only? IS it His plan I ask you here. Are we trespassing to ask so much of your intelligence this hour, that your ideas we can grasp at, possibly hold? The soul's service, is it to AID Him, abet His plan, that we help souls IN bodies to think before they are refused admittance, *as* we.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy mind." "Thou shalt have no other gods BEFORE Me." HIS commands. Are YOU amenable to His requests?

Do *you* sneer at HIM? Scorn Him AND His Laws, promises? While you forget to do His service, worship Him, revere His Name, praise Him?

Then know, I, a spirit, in His after-punishment, do feel FOR three. *I bid you*, pause.

Think. See. Listen. Change your course. While there IS life in bodies you MAY alter your idolatrous ways. Once that spark, His secret, too, dies out, the candle is no more aflame, alight, and what you CARRY then of HIS Light will be your all.

Know, then, I came to do His bidding. To rescue YOU. Perhaps tonight.

His teachings are in covers, on every tablet. You may see Him in His skies. His brush tints His dying day, His rose's cheek, His sea, and shell. His breath He GAVE you WITH your life. It helps to roll His universe as well. His lights NEVER die, go out, cease, pause, and are flameless! His burden no one knows. Neither His balance, poise, creation. His body, His sacred tool, keen with His Own inventions unsolvable, mind, intelligence, conscience. His wisdom, plans, secrets, knowledge, All is His: BUT Him. His essence am I: a spirit, saved past my death: a poet whom the world still reverses: am I His tool.

When systems fail to do Him honor, pause at His bidding, serve Him not, then HAS He failed. When nature renews not, replenishes not, suffers not His rebuke, *I am no more!*

Water courses vast, deep, hurrying to greet Him, who knows, obeying His laws, governable BUT by Him, who IS God. While all His pleasures and benefits too vast to name, to *conjure* for your reasoning, are HIS, for YOU. All made, and GIVEN, that you, His creation none the less, might love Him, help Him. All He asked OF you for all He gives, saves, restores.

Then have ye His sacred Word, His promise, that IF ye turn from your evil, Godless ways, He WILL hearken unto you, save, and RESTORE YOU, His lost, ungrateful child, wanderer of His.

Come Home. O listen to the Father Who is waiting FOR you, with outstretched arms, wide, open, pure, unsullied breast of the immaculate One, that He MAY enfold you, call you by name, knowing every hair upon your head, ay, every LACKING PART, He knows.

Draw from His fountain, never dry. Be drawn up to Him

BY His power as Jesus was. UNsolved to this hour. His might IS power. His name is GOD. His love is yours. Then have ye any right to turn aside FROM his path, seek devious ways, unrighteousness. To mar His creation, revile His wisdom: ignore His relationship: make off with HIS treasures, pocketing in that small bag-full of days He gives you to *try* your soul, ay, SPIRIT-of-God, that which speaks hereon TO you, to bring you hope, knowledge past death, the first death, that *ye* may LIVE.

GOD, Who sees Thy shades looking on mortals HAVING breath to praise Thee, give those reasoning intelligence this hour to accept OF Thee, and share in Thy all, withholden from US now, who serve them FOR Thee, that Thy kingdom MAY come, Thy will BE done, as Jesus taught, prayed, implored, for ME.

Amen.



Shakespeare's soul, undying as all HE made.

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

To forgive is Divine. Since the Master taught these words in His supplication to His Father which all should repeat who followed Him, we see from our abode how necessary these words were.

We see in spirit realms there is much TO forgive, adjust. *We* are surrounded by traitors here, also, as well as deceit, lying—souls taking advantage of sweet confiding ones, hampered by lack ye know not, could not comprehend for lack of belief, were it told from our side, as I do now expound awhile.

We forgive AND forget, too, here. Knowing all are still human, lacking but the form. Should we be surprised to find this IS so, when we see how little we ourselves know of deeper realms, wills, where all IS Divine and no pardons need be craved, where all IS truth and Love.

Dissect this little admonition, wrapped in numbers: Seventy Times Seven. 490 is it not? Then, have you the patience OF

Divinity forbearance of God's Own, if you cannot make up His sum, in forgiveness alone?

Has a brother offended you? How many times? Give him your hand, admonish him, but say the words which make you divine: "I forgive." Try again.

Pardon becomes His Divine decree only AFTER "death" closes the lower courts of Justice. Know this. Can you expect to have mercy shown You who have been UNmerciful, or a decree of pardon rendered *plus* a verdict of justification, in your case alone?

How IS this? What right have you to expect so much of the Divine Judge. You were His near relation, and claimed Him not. He offered you His succor, and you turned *away* from Him. He claimed you as His Own child, but you scoffed at the relationship, ignoring Him, your HEAVENLY Father. Then, is He to swing wide the portals of His Home, where are His obedient ones, who obeyed Him, loved Him, took Him at His word, trusted in His miracles beyond human skulls to fathom, as these knew Him to be the living God who cannot fail, who performs at His word, keeps silent when He wills, hides His perfections from His children until they revere Him (possibly, I cannot say, I think so)?

"Father forgive them, for they know not *what* they do." Have YE such an One to plead for *you*? Have ye His Own heart's forgiveness IN you? When God marched ahead in those days, unseen by any SAVE Jesus of Nazareth, who knew that march to end where it DID end, as when, in His Father's House, could His Son, spat upon *and* scorned, scourged as well as pinioned, have pled so earnestly FOR His enemies, if God's Own Heart had not been bursting with compassion BESIDE Him?

I ask You, who grace *not* his land of perfection, tilled by His skies, ripened by His sun, garnered by His seasons, too,—COULD Jesus thus *have* prayed for His revilers, had not Jesus known them human AS irresponsible followers of the traitorous mob, inflamed by wrath, unscrupulous, demonized, and therefore NOT themselves?

Conditions were to be considered then. If these were human, and needed forgiveness, could hope FOR it, thus, why should mortals lose faith in the Divine Power of consideration, help,

ay forgiveness itself? "Forgive US then OUR trespasses AS we forgive," *He* practiced: exemplified as He taught: even with His utmost agonies He still WAS His Father's perfect One. Having partaken of Divinity from birth, HE "knew all things," which INCluded humans IN adjustability, INability TO adjust WHILE human cases, their souls, to His Divine equilibrium, utter poise, in magnanimity only Divine.

HIS sufferings surpass our knowledge here. We surmise often, very often, HOW HE MUST have suffered, in forms various, as we know misery in spirit, misapprehension of purposes, intents, idle mongerous ones attracted not BY Divinity Himself, the scourgers, in fact.

Forgiveness is then a Divine attribute of each soul claiming relationship with the Father OR Son. One in purpose, intent, will.

How human beings vary in their attitudes of mind, heart, love, trust, towards God. Few realize His purport in this text. You will follow me now as *I* divide the sum *for* you, whoever looks hereon. "Once is enough!" you say to the offending one. "No more." "No more trust, no more love, not another trial: it is done. NO. I have found you lacking, untrustworthy: never could *I* trust *You* more. Once only. One sad mistake in a human form of sadness, temptations, allurements, and the end MUST come. The sum is mighty in comparison to your power of forgiveness then. YOU are lacking in 489 parts, are you not? If God's admonitions are to BE followed: and these WERE the Master's words LOST. "For a mess of pottage."

Have we the right to expect that we should be entitled to share in the lot, place, existence, Home, of One so far surpassing us in precept, honor, charity, love, understanding, forbearance, endurance?

Admittedly, we failed, once: and lost our chance. Yet He forgives CONTINUALLY, again and again, until four hundred and eighty nine times one time.

Then have we hope of His Divinity ruling in His plan. He rules all where WE came after the change you speak of as "dying." This, beware. Out of His Infinite tenderness, His undying compassion, considerate AS just understanding OF our frailties, we see Him, then, as YOU see Him NOT: a

forgiving Father chastening, yes, punishing, true, but at last, pardon-giving. Restorer THAT He is.

O God, out of Thy Infinite love and endurance, Thou hast left Thy precious Example for us 'til this hour. Pour from Thy bounty, Thy immeasurable pardon upon souls Thou hast chastised for their good, when in Thy wisdom, never varying, all-precious, incomprehensible, Thou seest them FIT for Thy grace, and pardon them. Give, from *Thy* beaker, never empty, Oh Father of souls, a taste of Thy surpassing love essence, that souls IN bodies MAY profit by Thy Son's forbearance, His holy compassion like unto Thine, Father, and set aside on Thy ledger an erasure of the lacking sum against the souls who fail, lose, stumble, walk in darkness.

Increase Thy powers in us, O God, that we may forgive WITH Thy power. Withhold naught from us of Thy Father's heart and pardon, lest we lose power gathered here to serve and unite WITH Thee for good. Understand us better than we understand ourselves. Thou, who hast *made* us, treat us AS children, Father, that we may withhold nothing FROM Thee.

Love us continually *though* we fail. Fail not in protecting us from that evil WITHIN us, that we *may* know Thee, nor be shut away from Thee, forever. Help us, lead us, watch over us, call us, O God, when Thou ART ready to *overlook* our misfortunes.

Give to us, who *art* the Giver of all precious, dear, Thy elements *of* Divinity, that we MAY reflect Thee more abundantly.

Keep us, spare us, unite us at last with ours who ART Thine in Thy Infinite adjustment. Holy One above me here, accept my poor plea for sinners like unto myself, who came too late to know Thee.

Let me be known OF Thee, Who ART my Father in heaven. Amen.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE POWER OF GOD

His wonders ARE His power. His soul am I.
His love is yours: His works are EVERYwhere.
O'erhead His silent orbs: His dust IS man.
His truants are His children in despair.
The power of God, the working of His mind.
His will, past minds of ours to understand.
His universe complete, His power, mind, skill,
His Infinite creation, *AS*, His hand.
The Power UNseen that moves, unloosens, binds:
The God-part spirits find BUT He COULD plan.
Adjustments of a living Force, Might, Love:
Divine, then, IS His spirit, image, man.
The God within a seed within a pod,
Unending as His Own eternal span.



Shakespeare's Spirit.

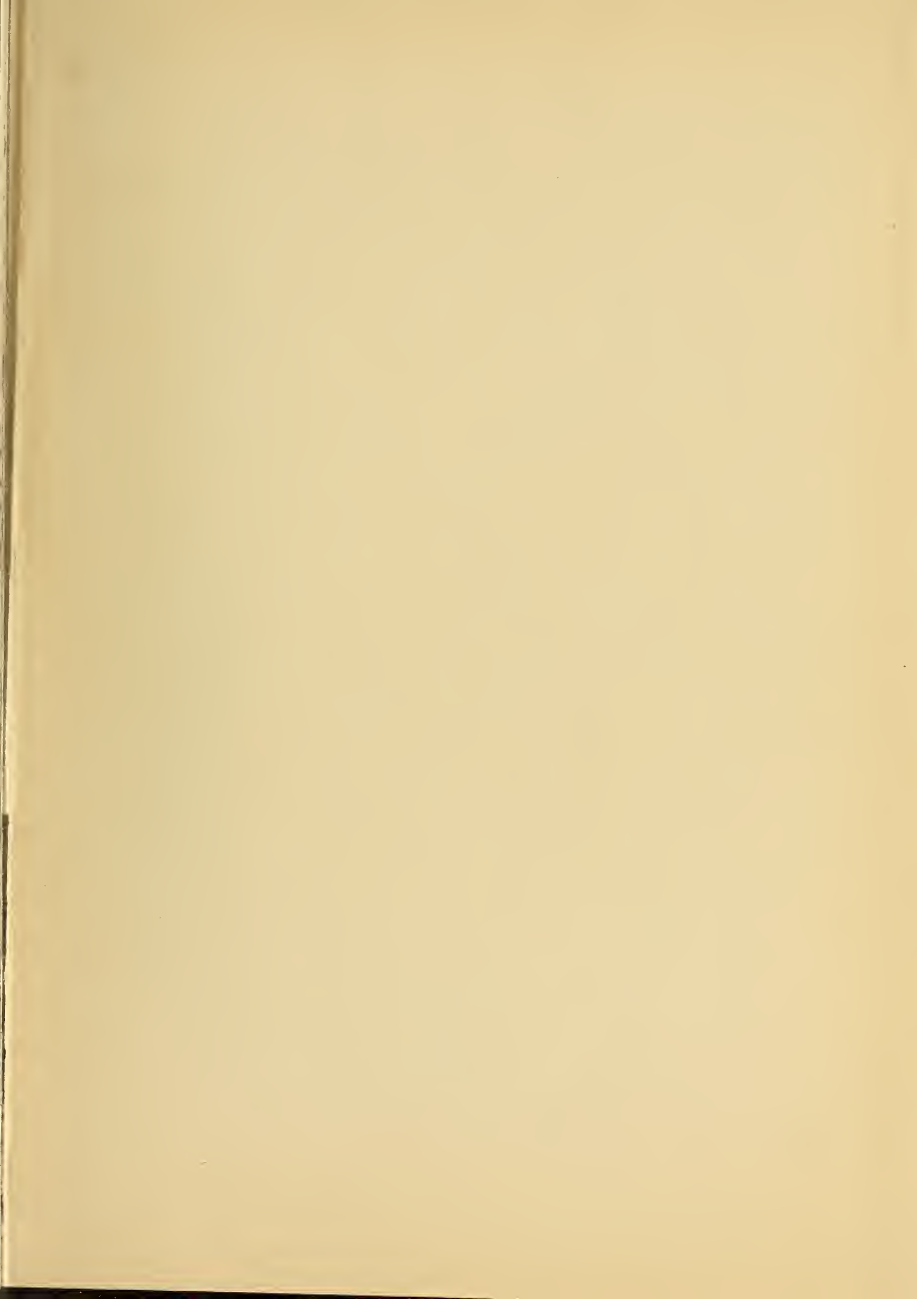


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